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December 27, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The All-America Football Team

Beginning

A Lady of Resource By **Arthur Somers Roche**

DEC. 27, 1930

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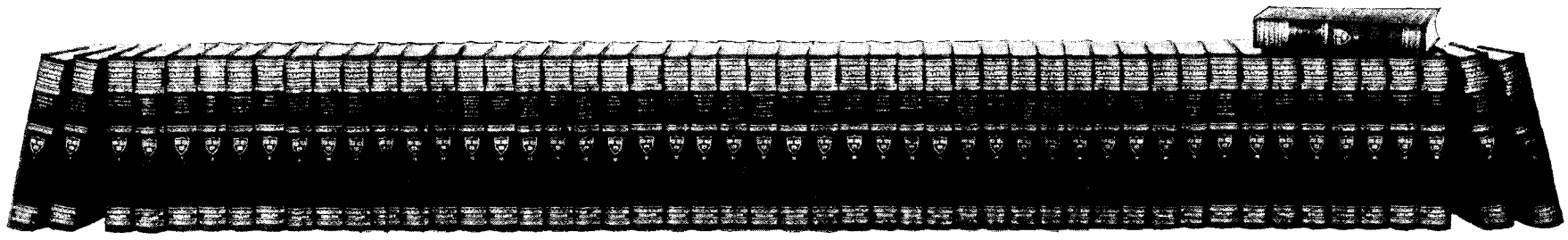

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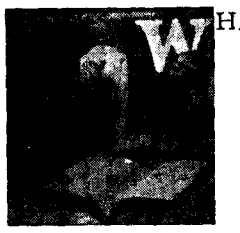
A GLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the time-wasting questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts of the wisest men on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day



WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

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There is magic in fifteen minutes a day which will help anyone to be more interesting, more welcome, more worth while.

Some day he will ask *you*—

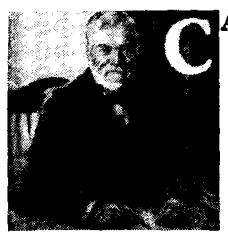
WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them: *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men in commerce, men in transportation and in manufactures have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," *said Andrew Carnegie,* "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."



CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him, welcomed him to his library, guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

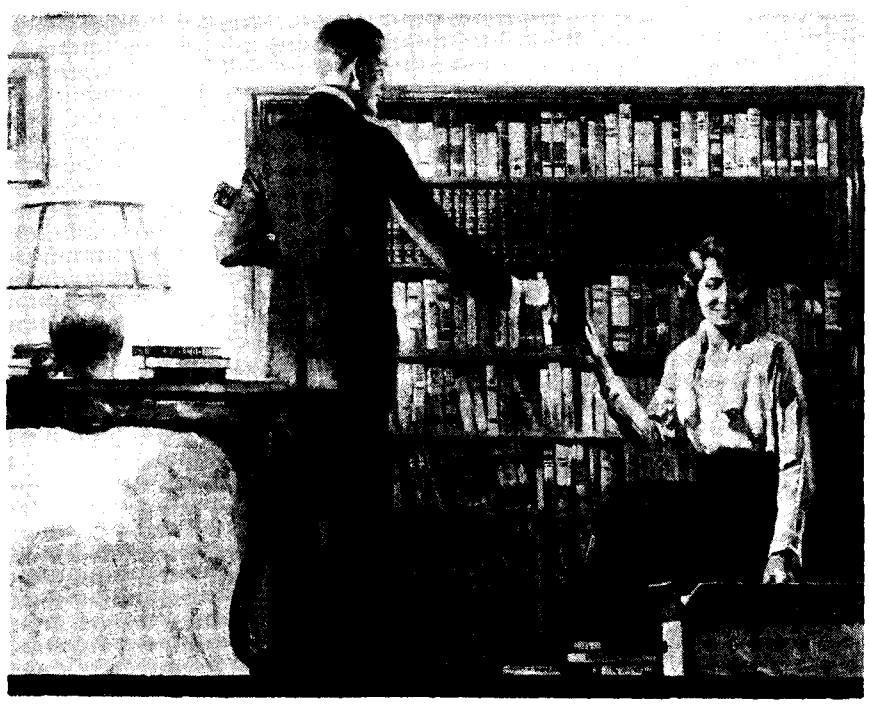
MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. Good manners are always an asset; but good manners alone will open no doors and lead to no delightful friendships. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored man can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

The really popular man is the man who has learned to interest other people. He may not have read widely but well; he may have traveled little but he knows about other countries than his own. He knows something of history and biography, of the works of great scientists and philosophers, poets and dramatists.

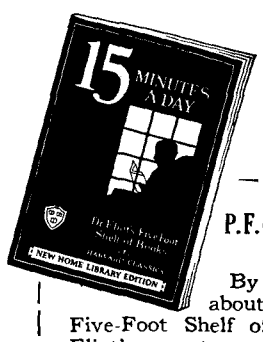
"Those 15 minutes made me more money than eight hours' work!"

I MADE more money last year than I made in five years before," says a prominent business man. "Yet I did not work harder. Actually, I worked fewer hours and had more time for golf, travel, and enjoying my friends.

"There is a mistaken idea in many men's minds that hard work is all that is required for success. Day laborers do hard work and remain day laborers always. Clerks do hard work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred stay clerks; the hundredth becomes an executive."



This famous booklet, FREE



Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the famous free descriptive booklet—that tells how to turn wasted minutes into growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

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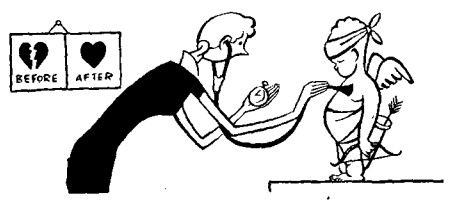
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN the news of Tommy Masters' death arrived, it was put down as an accident by everyone—with three exceptions, all of them women. Each of these women thought he had committed suicide and each said, more or less loudly, that the other two had driven him to it. They were wrong, all three of them; but it took Evelyn Graham, "sob sister" on the Morning Chronicle, to find out just what had happened. She did a thorough job, for she had known Tommy herself. Don Marquis tells you all about it in "Fed Up," the story of a triangle that keeps developing new corners until the very least we can call it is a polygon.

—

AND speaking of triangles and more complicated figures reminds us of Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, better known, perhaps, as Dorothy Dix. She dispenses advice daily to thousands and lives in an atmosphere surcharged with drama—witness the evening when a stranger introduced herself by saying: "I've come to see you before I kill my husband." John B. Kennedy describes this quiet averter of tragedy in "Queen of Heartaches."



"EDUCATION in the hands of a woman," said Confucius, "is like a knife in the hands of a monkey." Tommy King agreed with him: Damned clever, those Chinese. That was because Noel wouldn't make up her mind to marry him. And it was before Noel thought up the Experiment. Once that was well under way, Tommy thought even more highly of Confucius. Phyllis Duganne describes the Experiment and its results in "Marry in Haste." In case that sounds like advice, we hasten to assure you that it is.

—

"THIS is one of those cases," said O'Malley, "that they give you so they'll have something on you. Nobody could solve it, so I won't be able to; still they'll have a mark against me." We are commencing to doubt the sincerity of that Irishman's pessimism. It no longer discourages us; we've been had that way before. William MacHarg calls the record of this latest case "Just too Smart" but that's not a description of O'Malley.

—

THERE was two million dollars in cash aboard Number Ninety-nine, but it was something else that made Big Dan Ryan refuse to stop at Exonia—refuse in the face of an automatic. Ferrin Fraser tells you what it was in "99—on Time," a railroad drama laid in the cab of a locomotive.

—

GEORGE CREEL writes the incredible adventures of John Paul Jones in "Sea Eagle;" Edward Tomlinson contributes an important article about Argentina; Erich Maria Remarque and Arthur Somers Roche will continue to hold millions spellbound by their serials; and Grantland Rice, Milton C. Work and the indefatigable Gentleman at the Keyhole carry on with customary verve. Meeting the new year halfway, we consider.

THIS WEEK

December 27, 1930

Cover—E. M. Jackson

Page 7—The All-America Football Team
By Grantland Rice—The argument will now begin.

Page 10—Arthur Somers Roche
A LADY OF RESOURCE, Part I: A novel with two heroines.

Page 13—John B. Kennedy
EYES LEFT: The career of Bert Lahr, comic.

Page 14—Emma-Lindsay Squier
GLORIOUS BUCCANEER: A love story of Old California.

Page 16—Zona Gale
HOLLY AT THE WINDOW: A Christmas story.

Page 18—Erich Maria Remarque
THE ROAD BACK, Part III: The sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Page 20—Florence Edwards Lemmon
POT LUCK: Plants, flowers and things like that.

Page 21—Dana Burnet
IT'S JUST LIFE: A short love story.

Page 22—Zane Grey
ROBBERS' ROOST, Part XII: The conclusion.

Page 24—The Short Short Story
THE REFEREE SAYS—By Don Marquis

Page 25—W. O. Saunders
WHEN THE SEA CAUGHT FIRE: True story of adventure.

Page 28—Rube Goldberg
THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 38—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
BERTH OF FREEDOM: Mr. Morrow's, to be exact.

Page 40—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 42—Word Hunt

Page 50—Editorial

Any Week

"OUR Alabama papers are still congratulating us voters for retiring Tom Heflin," writes Mrs. George M. Littleton of Mobile. "We are likewise being commended by editors in other states. But I don't know. After all, a lot of us would rather have Tom in Washington than in Alabama."

—

MR. JACK WHITE, agent for the Rock Island Lines, couldn't be bothered with letter-writing after seeing our recent cover by E. M. Jackson—the one of the Puritan brave seated on a keg, contemplating a quarter of a pie. Mr. White broadsides us by telegraph:

TELL ME O SHADE OF BACCHUS IS THIS FAUCET REALLY SET IN MIDDLE OF CIDER KEG STOP IS *PIE MINCE OR PUNKIN* STOP IN EITHER EVENT LET MY WIFE SEND MODEL TO DRAW NEXT YEARS COVER FROM STOP ANYHOW THIS COVER PLENTY GOOD AND WILL BE CAREFULLY TRIMMED AND FRAMED BY YOURS TRULY STOP

—

IN THE opinion of Mr. Julius E. Bregman of St. Louis the oldest and best way to stop our most prominent citizens from complaining that there is entirely too much crime in town is to invite them to become members of a citizens' crime prevention committee. If they don't respond, the authorities lay all increases in lawlessness to their lack of interest.

"And if they do respond," concludes Bregman, "all they do is get convinced that a policeman's life is not a happy one and listen to a couple of selected racketeers tell how awful life in a big city is. In the meantime somebody who isn't caught yet holds up the Hallelujah National Bank. The only people who get down to facts and see action are the bandits."

"HOW dare you and the other editors make disparaging remarks about the labors of the Wickersham Crime Commission?" demands General O. T. Blackgelter of Little Rock. "Don't be surprised if the coming Congress orders an investigation into your motives. This is a Christian country ruled by a Christian President and sooner or later you open-Sunday and beer-swilling traitors will find it out."

—

THE Rev. F. A. Connors, pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Flint, Michigan, takes exception to several things Knute K. Rockne wrote in his article on George Gipp, Notre Dame's greatest ball carrier. Rev. Connors, for nearly five years the Gipp family's pastor in Calumet, Michigan, says that Mr. Gipp's father was never a Congregational minister nor even a Congregationalist. Moreover, George was a member of Rev. Connors' Sunday school and was baptized by Rev. Connors, who conducted the great athlete's funeral.

—

"OUT here in Oregon," writes Mr. Lewis W. Taney, "we recently voted on whether we could smoke cigarettes or not. Cigarettes won, three to one. I knew they would the minute I entered the polling place. Three election officers were smoking them. They were all women."

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Look Ahead

Men enjoy a good laugh at their childhood fears. One confesses he was afraid of the bogeyman, another was afraid of the dark, the next was always afraid of a policeman. They laugh about those old fears now.

Last year some of the grown-up children who had not studied too closely the history of business throughout the ages, and more especially the history of the United States, were frankly scared at the abrupt interruption of boom times.

Business depressions have always followed widespread, reckless speculation. The readjustment period is a trying time for even the wisest and most stout-hearted.

But while the United States has been in the doldrums again and again, a review of its history should make even the most pessimistic person optimistic. The prosperity which follows hard times comes sounder and stronger and the country keeps on growing richer.

It is no more sensible to worry over gloomy predictions concerning the business future than it was to worry about the bogeyman.

From the time the country was founded, men have worried about its future and the ever-increasing scale of wages. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was disturbed by the growing cost of living in 1784. He wrote, "wages of mechanics and labourers which are very extravagant", at a time when skilled mechanics were paid sixty cents a day and laborers thirty-nine cents.

The history of panics and business depressions followed by mounting levels of prosperity, with higher wages and shorter working hours, is worth reading. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to send free a copy of "The Development of Prosperity in America." Address Booklet Department 131-C.

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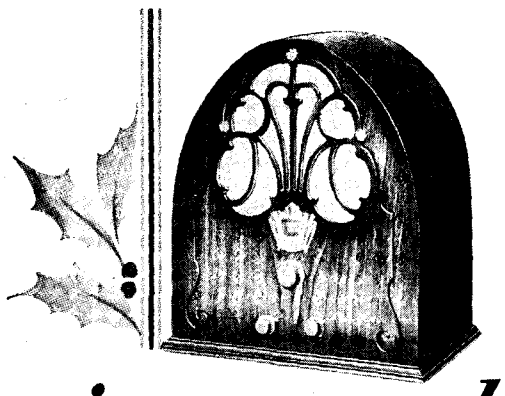

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid) Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, built-in; Walnut Cabinet, 16 in. wide; 17½ in. high. (Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes)

EASY *to give a radio for Christmas* *with* PHILCO BABY GRAND *at* $49.50 *less tubes*

PHILCO BABY GRAND—the surprise radio of the year—the radio which has been the talk of all the Radio Shows—the compact set which in its first two months became *the largest-selling radio in the world.*

For the *first time,* big-radio performance has been built into compact cabinets. These sets are the first REAL radios ever produced in such compact cabinets—and at such prices. In them you find amazing selectivity and sensitivity. They bring you the programs you want; clearly; in gorgeous tone, and without cross-talk between stations. There is no overlapping.

PHILCO BABY GRAND CONSOLE
Same wonderful chassis, 7-tube, screen grid. Beautiful cabinet of American Black Walnut and Bird's-eye Maple, African Zebra Wood trim; 33¾ in. high; 19 in. wide; 10¾ in. deep . . . (less tubes) $69.50
Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

And how handy! Baby Grand is easily carried from room to room. Of course, it's "all-electric." Just plug into any AC light socket and it's ready to play. Baby Grand Console makes a delightful couch-end table, or boudoir set. And as furniture these models will delight your eye.

It's not too late. Christmas is still a week away. Go to the Philco dealer NOW and see how easily you can give a Philco—or many Philcos—as gifts supreme this year. Terms so easy you'll never miss the money.

Your nearest Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys, from $95 to $145; Radio-Phonograph at $198 and Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, greatest of all receivers, $350.

All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

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IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "THE RIGHT TO LOVE"
When Ruth Chatterton goes on the air, a radio set whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the* distorted tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

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The All-America Football Team

By Grantland Rice

	PLAYER		Generalship	Schedule Difficulties	Ball Carrying	Passing	Blocking	Tackling	Kicking	AVERAGE RATING
Backs	Carideo (N.D.)	Q.B.	90	100	85	80	95	95	95	91.4
	Pinckert (So. Cal.)	H.B.		90	95	80	95	90	90	90
	Dodd (Tenn.)	H.B.		85	90	95	90	90	95	90.8
	Macaluso (Colgate)	F.B.		85	95	85	90	95	90	90
	Mohler (So. Cal.)	UTILITY BACK		90	95	85	90	90	90	90

	PLAYER	Schedule Difficulties	Covering Kicks	Receiving Passes	Breaking Up Passes	Blocking	Breaking Interference & Tackling	AVERAGE RATING
Ends	Dalrymple (Tulane)	85	95	90	90	90	90	90
	Fesler (Ohio State)	90	95	90	95	90	95	92.5

	PLAYER		Schedule Difficulties	Diagnosing	Charging	Interference	Use Of Hands	Tackling	AVERAGE RATING
Linemen	Sington (Alabama)	T.	90	90	95	90	90	90	90.8
	Rhea (Nebraska)	T.	85	90	95	85	95	90	90
	Koch (Baylor)	G.	85	90	95	90	90	90	90
	Beckett (Calif.)	G.	90	85	90	90	95	90	90
	Hein (Wash. St.)	UTILITY LINEMAN	90	90	95	90	90	95	91.7
	Ticknor (Harvard)	C.	85	95	90	Snapping 95	95	95	92.5

No star could do so much and do it so well as Fesler

IN ROUNDING up selections for the All-America Football Team of 1930, Collier's Advisory Board was faced with an almost incredible amount of work, which it performed with a fine mixture of earnestness and enthusiasm. The entire country from Florida to Washington, from Texas to Maine, swarmed with vast herds of star football players who from late September to early December were giving all they had in the way of speed, skill, power, courage and brains to the game that lured them from the softer ways of college life into the drudgery of training and practice, heavy physical and mental pressure and man-to-man contact of hard blocking and harder tackling.

How was it possible, you might ask, with so many thousands playing football and so many hundreds starring, to even attempt to name a few above the rest? It would not have been possible to name a few as the unqualifiedly best football players in America. But it was possible, through the Advisory Board that so thoroughly covered all six of the leading football sectors of the United States, not only to keep a record of individual skill but also of schedule difficulties, of hard games played, of the minutes each man played in each game, and also of the all-round qualities needed to put a name safely across the magic goal.

As usual there were stars injured or ailing through part of the season, such as Hewitt of Columbia or Bruder of Northwestern, both fine backs. There were also the unfortunate stars who lacked the needed opposition to prove their places or who were caught with poor support and, in the main, smothered, as Fesler was a year ago. And there were great ball carriers who couldn't block or quite meet the all-round test required in other departments of the game.

It was a stupendous task to gather all these statistics and opinions, especially as full reports were made each week from early October up to the final games with each improvement in form or downward dip, the latter often resulting from a killing schedule, carefully charted.

Once again there was a great intersectional mingling, which gave a much better opportunity to compare rival strength, to judge the comparative merits of the stars from the Far West, the Mid-West, the South, East, Southwest, etc. As usual there was a wide discrepancy in the opinions of various coaches, but these were much too busy with their own problems to keep track of all the details required in naming the All-America Team. Two men, along the line of individual skill, might be practically even, but if A played in seven hard games and B in only four, A had to be given the preferred spot. B might be a somewhat better ball carrier than A, but if A was a better blocker, passer and kicker, then A had the call. One lineman might be more spectacular than another, only to lack certain necessary ingredients for all-round high-class line play.

One of the shrewdest checks on senior stars came from managers of professional football clubs seeking new talent for the next campaign. They had to make careful check on all-round ability and team value, and in several instances they had no interest whatsoever in certain stars widely ballyhooed and headlined, because their close inspection had shown weak spots only known from the inside. Two famous senior backs, among others, were included in this list.

The All-America Team as it stands at the top of this page includes the names of thirteen men, those who remain after searching tests have eliminated close competitors for honors.

There are thirteen because Hein and Mohler simply could not be left off. Both rate as members of the All-America Team and are on a par with the best in football. Their excellence made it necessary to select a utility back and a utility lineman.

Here were the outstanding players carefully considered by the members of the Advisory Board:

The Centers

Ticknor, Harvard; Hein, Washington State; Siano, Fordham; Roberts, Tulane; Morrison, Michigan; Loeser, Yale; Jonas, Utah; Atkins, Texas Christian.

The Guards

Koch, Baylor; Beckett, California; Woodworth, Northwestern; Munn, Minnesota; Baker, California; Metzger, Notre Dame; Linehan, Yale; Wisniewski, Fordham; Hunt,

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Cornell; Bromberg, Dartmouth; Steele, Florida; Greenburg, Nebraska; McGirl, Missouri; Kabat, Wisconsin.

The Tackles

Sington and Clements, Alabama; Price, Army; Lubratovich, Wisconsin; Van Bibber, Purdue; Crehan, Dartmouth; Ahlskog and Edwards, Washington State; Rhea, Nebraska; Maree, Georgia Tech; Christensen, Oregon; Foley, Fordham; Edwards, Villanova.

The Ends

Fesler, Ohio State; Dalrymple, Tulane; Baker, Northwestern; Arbelbide, Southern California; Ebding, St. Mary's; Maffett and Smith, Georgia; Riblett, Pennsylvania; Schwartz, Vanderbilt; Conley, Notre Dame; Long, Southern Methodist.

The Quarterbacks

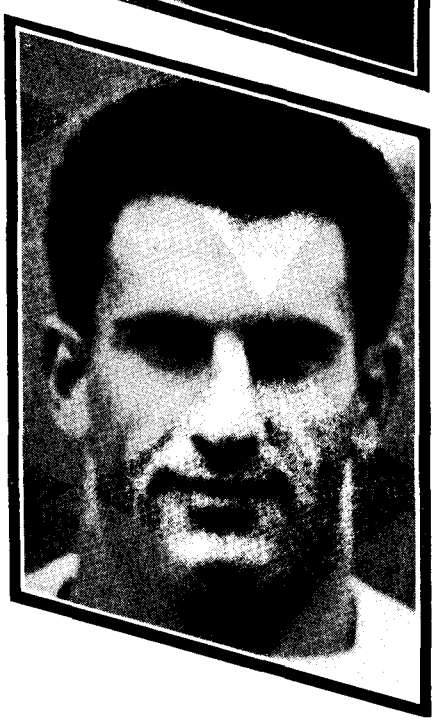
Carideo, Notre Dame; Dodd, Tennessee; Mohler and Duffield, Southern California; O'Connell, Holy Cross; Branch, North Carolina; Bennett, Princeton; Baker, Pittsburgh; Bowman, Army.

The Other Backs

Pinckert, Southern California; Brill and Schwartz, Notre Dame; Macaluso and Hart, Colgate; Schwartz, Washington State; Weller, Haskell Institute; Bausch, Kansas; Kirn, Navy; Roberts, Georgia; Murphy, Fordham; Eyth, Carnegie Tech; Karcis, Carnegie Tech; Viviano, Cornell; Hewitt, Columbia; Russell, Northwestern; Stennett, St. Mary's; Hufford, Washington; Kitzmiller, Oregon; Magner, North Carolina; Zimmerman, Tulane; Hanson, Temple; Hackman, Tennessee; Bethea, Florida; Hinkle, Bucknell; Wheeler, Michigan; Christensen, Utah; Shelley, Texas; Wilson, Baylor.

Erny Pinckert, Southern California, halfback. Ht. 5:11¾; wt. 189; Home, San Bernardino, Cal.

Gerald Dalrymple, Tulane University, end. Ht. 5:10; wt. 176; Home, Little Rock, Ark.



Fred Sington, University of Alabama, tackle. Ht. 6:02; wt. 215; Home, Birmingham, Ala.

The Board's Recommendations

Before we discuss the qualifications of the various players, take a look at the nominations for the team by the members of the Advisory Board from the different sections.

R. L. (Dink) Templeton, of the Pacific Coast, sent in the names of Pinckert, Southern California; Hein, Washington State; Beckett, California; Mohler, Southern California.

Ed Cochrane, representing the Big Six and Rocky Mountain District, nominated for All-America honors, Rhea, Nebraska; Bausch, Kansas; Weller, Haskell Institute.

George W. White, working out of Dallas and covering the Southwest, sent in these names: Koch, Baylor; Atkins, Texas Christian; Long, Southern Methodist.

O. B. Keeler, in the South—Sington, Alabama; Dalrymple, Tulane; Dodd, Tennessee.

H. G. Salsinger, ranging the Mid-West, recommended Fesler, Ohio State; Baker, Northwestern; Lubratovich, Wisconsin; Carideo and Metzger, Notre Dame.

Grantland Rice, East—Ticknor, Harvard; Price, Army; Macaluso, Colgate.

At Center

The two outstanding centers of the country were Ticknor of Harvard and Hein of Washington State, with Siano of Fordham and Roberts of Tulane not so far away.

By a queer turn Ticknor and Hein are matched in almost every respect. Both are six feet two inches in height, and both are just a few pounds under two hundred. Both were inspirational captains, playing with a fierce charging aggressiveness and covering a scope of action unmatched by any rival. Both had the physical bulk and both had the speed to get around in a hurry and both had a rare sense of timing and diagnosing plays. Hein and Ticknor were able, accurate passers but it was their all-round team value on defense that lifted them to the peak.

Harvard fought with a badly battered line-up and yet in games with Army, Dartmouth, Michigan and Yale only three touchdowns were scored in the four games with Ticknor blocking the road and doing most of the tackling week after week. In the Yale game Ticknor cut down Heim, former interscholastic 100-yard champion, who can beat 10 flat. Heim had raced 40 yards before the big Harvard center nailed him with an air-line dive.

Ticknor and Hein were both firebrands, playing with a flame of spirit that nothing could break down. These two big centers were the slashing, dashing type saving touchdowns by being at the right spot at the right time, wherever that spot might be. And when either nailed a runner he stayed nailed.

Hein was the main factor in Washington State's success along the western coast through a championship campaign. Both starred for three years, which is also further proof of established ability. Smart, keen, big and fast, they shared the honors of a brilliant campaign. Only two such men could have surpassed the play of Siano of Fordham and Roberts of Tulane. Siano, for his weight, did a whale of a job. It might be said that he was another Ticknor or another Hein, lacking 30 pounds in weight to match these giants.

Barton Koch, Baylor University, guard. Ht. 5:10; wt. 195; Home, Temple, Tex.

The Guards

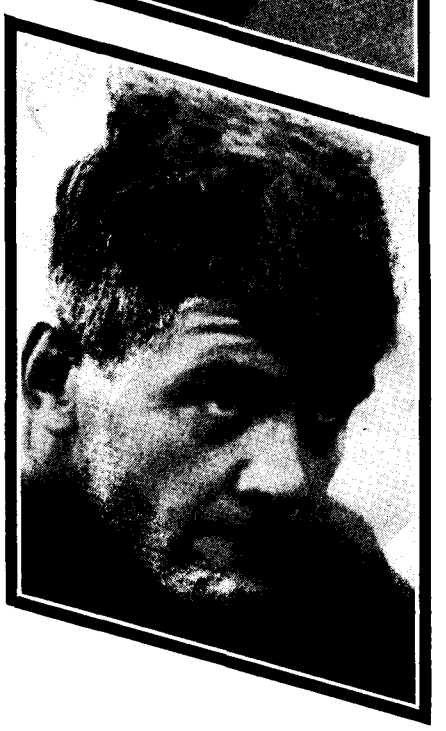
The two best guards of the year were Koch of Baylor and Beckett of California. Koch is the greatest guard the Southwest has known in many years and the Southwest is now one of the strongest football sections in the country.

Beckett of California had to prove his place in the midst of more than one California rout, but Coast experts rated him above Baker of Southern California, another star forward. Not even the Stanford and Southern California annihilations could break down Beckett's play.

Munn of Minnesota, Metzger of Notre Dame and Woodworth of Northwestern were three outstanding guards in the Middle West.

Linehan of Yale and Wisniewski of Fordham were the two best in the East.

Francis F. Carideo, Notre Dame, quarterback. Ht. 5:07; wt. 185; Home, Mount Vernon, New York



Benjamin H. Ticknor, Harvard, center. Ht. 6:02; wt. 193; Home, New York City

Hunt of Cornell was another who ranks high. Little Metzger of Notre Dame, weighing only 154 pounds, was a marvel, especially on offense. He was fast, shifty and always hustling to the limit. But he was handicapped in being rated against such a guard as Koch of Baylor, weighing nearly 200 pounds, rigged out with starting speed, a brainy, aggressive type who proved his rating not only through the Southwest but against

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Leonard Macaluso, Colgate University, fullback. Ht. 6:00; wt. 195; Home, East Aurora, N. Y.

Purdue of the Conference, where Noble Kizer, the Purdue coach, testified that the Baylor star was one of the best forwards he had seen in years, the best guard his team had faced all season.

Linehan of Yale and Wisniewski of Fordham were two exceptional contributors to the art of guard play. Steele of Florida was the best guard in the South and one of the best from coast to coast. Baker of Southern California was another leader at guard play, one of the strong men of a fast, strong line.

Metzger of Notre Dame was one of the most remarkable products of the season, a great blocker and tackler, too quick and smart for most of those he met. Metzger was close to the two leaders, despite his handicap of 40 pounds or more.

The Tackles

Great tackles are always scarce. In fact there are few great tackles in the history of football. Even high-class tackles are none too numerous. They have the hardest assignment in the game. Two star tackles can almost make a football team but you don't see many Weirs or Henrys or Eddie Harts around.

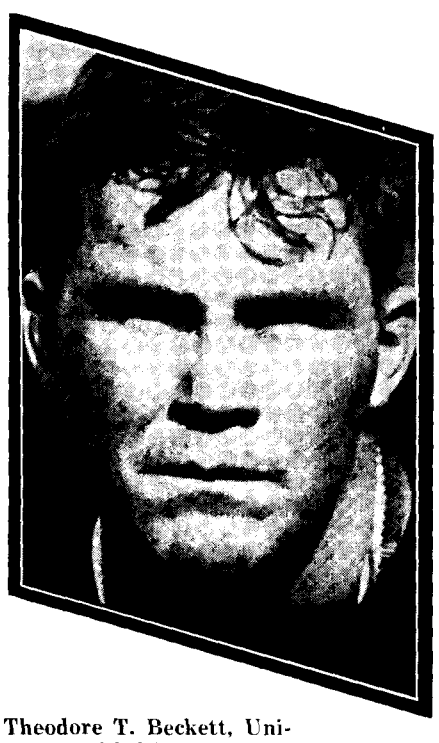
Among the best tackles of the year were Sington of Alabama, Price of the Army, Rhea of Nebraska, Van Bibber of Purdue, Crehan of Dartmouth and Lubratovich of Wisconsin.

Sington of Alabama was the outstanding tackle of the year, one of the season's greatest forwards. Sington is a giant, six feet two inches in height, weighing 215 pounds, with the speed of a halfback. He was alert, fast, aggressive and in addition he was capable of many outside duties. Tackles such as Sington rarely come along.

Sington's running mate is Rhea of Nebraska. Rhea was outstanding in his section. Pittsburgh rated him the best tackle the Panthers met. Extremely fast, he spent a large part of the season in the middle of opposing backfields. Nebraska in the past has had such star tackles as Weir and Weller, and Rhea is a worthy successor to this pair.

There were few star tackles this last season, few who measured up to a high average, although Van Bibber of Purdue and Lubratovich of Wisconsin were exceptionally good.

Robert Lee Dodd (below), University of Tennessee, halfback. Ht. 6:01; wt. 180; Home, Kingsport, Tenn.



Theodore T. Beckett, University of California, guard. Ht. 6:01; wt. 190; Home, Oroville, Cal.

Hugh Rhea, Nebraska University, tackle. Ht. 6:02; wt. 215; Home, Arlington, Neb.

The Ends

There were several high-class ends in football this season but there were only three who were outstanding. They were Fesler of Ohio State, Dalrymple of Tulane and Baker of Northwestern.

Fesler, Dalrymple and Baker stood above the flock. Fesler, picked on Collier's team for 1928, finally had a fair chance to show in 1930. In many ways he was the most remarkable football player of the year. He was a star defensive end and also a star backing up the line. He ran the team, called the signals, did most of the passing and kicking. When he finally assumed full running charge of the team, Ohio State, with only fair material, won five straight games. He was not only a Phi Beta Kappa man in college but also on the football field. There was no star from the last campaign who could do so much and do it so well throughout a football game.

The battle between Dalrymple and Baker was fought to the finish. Both were fine ends. But the Tulane star finished with a slightly higher average of consistency. He was no more brilliant than Baker at his best, but for all season's play leading coaches in the South rated him one of the best ends they had ever seen. He was well above Maffett and Smith of Georgia, two of the best ends that came east to help beat Yale and N. Y. U. Baker got the jump on Dalrymple early in the season but the Tulane star came with a faster rush at the finish. Conley of Notre Dame was one of the best blocking ends of the year, one of the best in every department.

The Quarterbacks

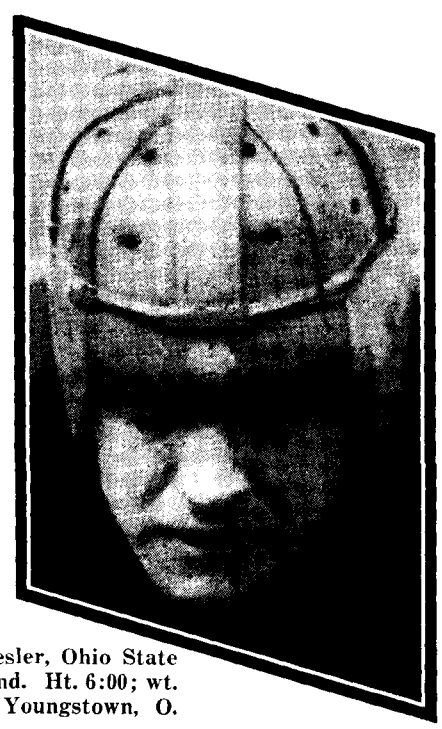
There were two quarterbacks this last season who were far in front of the parade, acting as directing field marshals with other useful accomplishments. They were Carideo of Notre Dame and Dodd of Tennessee.

Carideo, a magnificent blocker and defensive back, was practically a seasoned coach upon the field. Dodd of Tennessee, for all-round performance, was on a par with Carideo and in some ways ranged beyond him. Both were smart field generals; both were fine kickers and blockers, and both were cool under fire.

Dodd was a better passer, possibly the finest passer of the year, and Carideo was a slightly better all-round defensive back. For example, Dan McGugin of Vanderbilt rates Dodd as "another Benny Friedman." Having faced him for three years, McGugin says he is one of the great quarterbacks of football history. Dodd, like Friedman, could hit a receiver in the head at 35 yards, moving at full tilt. He knew when to pass, how to pass and where to pass.

For two such outstanding performers, two such rare contributors to team strength and to all-round football value, there is room enough on any All-America team.

Carideo had to direct his team through ten rough-and-tumble contests and in this respect he was called upon to face the hardest fire any quarterback of the year had to meet. His steady generalship was something to look at, but his blocking and kicking and his grip upon the team were remarkable. Carideo had a terrific job to do and he turned in an enviable record.



Wesley E. Fesler, Ohio State University, end. Ht. 6:00; wt. 185; Home, Youngstown, O.

The Other Backs

There is very little difference today in backfield positions. Many quarterbacks were largely halfbacks. The Collier's All-America idea is not to select a team that might blend into the strongest combination on the field, but to reward a high and consistent average of play.

Dodd of Tennessee has already been mentioned. He was an outstanding star. So were Pinckert of Southern California, Mohler and Duffield of the same team, Macaluso and Hart of Colgate, Schwartz and Brill of Notre Dame.

(*Continued on page 49*)

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Beginning a novel of modern love and adventure about A Lady of

IN THE midst of it all Collette thought of Anne.

There had been five hectic days and sleepless nights during which he had been like a shipwrecked sailor, clutching at every bit of wreckage that floated by, hoping against hope that this flimsy plank or that water-logged timber would bear him safely to a haven.

And then had come the second debacle, the second flood, the second ending of the world. And now, at six in the evening, with the ticker still stupidly stuttering further details of a calamity so great that details were mere impertinences to minds dulled by a succession of blows, Collette sat in his club.

Cocktails, highballs, champagne, even. . . . It might have been a great victory, a Lindbergh triumph that was being celebrated. . . . Not a man of the scores present but had been badly hurt, perhaps even, like Collette, absolutely ruined. Yet greetings were called, backs were slapped, witticisms were exchanged. . . .

Courage, pride: these were fine things, Collette mused. It was the old story: humanity bore up better under a great misfortune than under a slight mishap. Well, the Great Designer had so planned; otherwise the race would have perished miserably thousands of years ago.

Nor did it do to underestimate the tragedy of the past few days. A man may lose only that which he has, and if a man thinks that his sole possession is his wealth, and he loses that, then he is indeed bankrupt spiritually as well as financially.

"The wife went to Pilgrim's and canceled three evening dresses. . . ."

"Sublet my apartment. . . ."

"Thank God I owe no bridge debts and can look my bootlegger in the eye. . . ."

"Well, I was taught in school that a man should begin at the bottom and that's where I am now. . . ."

"All the old misers will crawl out of their garrets tomorrow morning and start buying bargains. . . ."

"Ten cents a point? You're crazy, Harry. A penny, and if my check bounces back at you. . . ."

"SEWALL CANNING lost fifty millions. . . . That's nothing, I lost five, and *I* haven't three hundred million left. . . . What about your new yacht, Jimmy? . . . I'm getting a canoe. . . . Anyone want to hire a chef, a butler, and nine other servants? . . . I'll sell two theater tickets for a ham sandwich. . . ."

Not brilliant, but—brave. Every one of these men had been rich; some of them would remain comparatively wealthy, and others would regain their fortunes. But at the moment the stock market collapse had done more than hurt their pocketbooks; it had upset their standards, robbed them of that feeling of security which humanity needs. . . .

But none of them, Collette believed, had been hurt as badly as himself. For he was *broke*. Oh, there were a few thousands still in the bank, and there was cautious old Aunt Hannah's trust fund that would still bring in five or six thousand a year.

But his apartment cost that much annually; he paid his man one hundred and fifty a month; his cook received the same amount and so did his butler. Why, until the first crash last week, it had never occurred to Morgan Collette that a man could *live* on less than fifty thousand a year, and he had been spending a hundred.

Paris in June; Le Touquet or Biarritz or one of the German cures in July; Scotland in August; New York in the fall with a trip, perhaps, to Hot Springs; Palm Beach or Santa Barbara in February or March; then back to New York, possibly running over to England for the Grand National, and certainly seeing the Kentucky Derby in May.

Twenty-nine years of age, six feet in height, black of hair and gray of eye, brown from the outdoors, hawk-like of nose and with a cleft in his chin that robbed it of stubbornness, he carried his one hundred and seventy pounds with the easy grace of an athlete. He played fair golf and excellent tennis and superb bridge. He danced well, conversed intelligently in the small talk that was all that was required of him, and was as popular as only a rich young bachelor who possesses the correct entrée can possibly be.

Not that Morgan Collette considered himself rich. A hundred thousand a year was all right for a bachelor, but

By ARTHUR SO

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Resource who couldn't have happened in any age but our own

one couldn't keep a wife on that sum. Oh, people did, of course, and seemed to get by quite happily, but if one liked to bet on the races, liked to give parties, liked to entertain in the different resorts. . . . Why, he supposed that Anne Draycon spent a thousand a month on her clothes. Oh, easily that. And a married couple inevitably had children —you wanted them or you didn't get married—and—he'd been to several coming-out parties in the past year, and not one of them cost less than twenty-five thousand, and some of them several times that amount.

So there you were. If, as a bachelor, you spent every penny of a hundred thousand a year, what right had you to assume that you'd spend no more as a married man? Of course, Anne had something of her own, but Morgan Collette's nose had wrinkled slightly every time his wayward mind had contemplated Anne's possible inheritance. After all, a man was either head of his family or he wasn't, and if he wasn't, what a poor specimen he invariably was. And if the wife paid the bills, she headed the ménage. . . .

Why on earth hadn't he been born with ambition? But he hadn't been. St. Bernard's, St. Paul's, and Harvard. A couple of years at the Beaux Arts, learning not to paint, but that such a mediocre talent as he possessed were better stifled.

Too late to take up law or medicine or architecture or any other profession. One could easily find a job in some broker's office, but what a life that was. You were hired because of your acquaintance. You were supposed to bring in customers. That meant toadying to all sorts of people, drinking their rotten liquor and laughing at their rotten jokes; it meant edging big customers into one of your lesser clubs, and perhaps dancing with their fat wives, smirking at their overblown daughters. . . .

And what other business was open to him?

Then the "Coolidge Market," with all his friends giving him tips, urging him not to overlook the opportunities of a lifetime. In the late fall of 1925 Collette went into the market. By the summer of 1929 the two million that, soundly invested, had brought in a hundred thousand a year had swollen to six million. His optimistic brokers had urged him to wider speculation. The first crash had caught him overextended, and this second crash of today had wiped him out.

And he thought of Anne.

Her blue eyes were roguishly alluring, and the wide mouth twisted up at the corners, as though mocking the wish of the world to kiss the red lips

IT WAS Anne who had sent him into the market. Oh, Anne hadn't known of her sending, but it was she who had done it. Leaning back in the heavy leather armchair at the club, listening to the brave attempts at gayety, he visualized his first meeting with Anne.

It was on Long Island, just a few weeks before Coolidge had been elected. Her aunt, Mrs. Davenant, was giving a party for Anne. Collette had been among the eligible young men invited to the party. He had seen Anne and succumbed at once to her charm.

She wasn't beautiful in the classical sense. Her nose was tip-tilted and was always, during the summer, either red or peeling. But the blue eyes were roguishly alluring, and the brown hair curled enticingly, and the wide mouth twisted up at the corners, as though mocking the wish of the world to kiss the red lips. Her figure was lissome, slim, and strong.

Collette met her, danced with her, fell in love with her. And for four years he had wooed her. He had seen bewildered eighteen merge into sophisticated nineteen and twenty, and into serious twenty-one and into calmly assured twenty-two.

HE HAD gone slowly in his wooing. He had seen her fall in love and out half a dozen times. He had witnessed—not without inward agony—her puppy loves for polo players, actors—he had even gone through one terrible winter, two years ago, when she had suddenly become interested in politics, and had conceived a romantic attachment for a senator old enough to be her father.

All during this time they had been pals. He knew the elfin quality of her soul, knew that these love affairs of hers had never been translated from emotion into speech, and far less into such more serious matters as kisses.

He knew, from the outset, that she would be hard to win, but that, having been won, she would be owned forever. There was a time, in the second year,

MERS ROCHE

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when his quick intuition told him that she was beginning to regard him with a certain sentiment, and he dashed abroad. He didn't want her too-youthful love; he feared lest it would fade as quickly as it flowered. When he returned to New York, she regarded him with the cool eye of friendship, and they resumed chumming around together.

The Aquarium, hours in the Metropolitan Museum, trips to Yiddish theaters—the hundred and one things of interest that most New Yorkers ignore. She trusted him so implicitly that she even confided in him about her puppy loves. . . . And then one day in the summer of the present year—it was during tennis week at Newport, he knew that she loved him.

Not a word was spoken, not a kiss exchanged. But he knew, and she knew that he knew, and she knew also that he loved her. A glance of her eyes, a touch of color in her cheek, a lifting of her bosom, and the racing of his own pulse. . . .

CAUTION held him back from a declaration. His knowledge of her told him that this was not a renewal of a too-youthful passion, and yet who knows a woman? She knew that he loved her; he would let his proposal wait a few weeks, so that when she replied to him she would know definitely and forever what was the state of her emotions toward him.

He had enough, now, for any wife unpossessed of the most spendthrift traits. He could pull out with at least five millions, possibly six. Over a quarter of a million a year, and if Mrs. Draycon chose to marry again—Mr. Draycon had died in Anne's babyhood—and left Anne without a penny, there would be more than sufficient, even according to the extravagant standards of their times and circle.

Last week he had almost proposed. But her birthday was to occur on November 5th. It had been his fancy to purchase the engagement ring and give it to her on that day. He had extracted from her an agreement not to give—or permit to be given—any birthday party. He was to call for her at seven-fifteen, take her to dinner and to a theater. . . .

And now, because he had thought that one hundred thousand a year was not enough to bring to Anne, because desire to gratify every wish of hers had led him into speculation, he was practically penniless. What a fool he had been!

Why, he had been *rich*, had he had sense enough to realize it. And Anne would have been content, more than content. Oh, why not be honest with himself? It had not been to please Anne that he had gone into speculation; it had been so that, in marrying, he would not have to give up anything that, as a bachelor, he had been able to afford.

And now he had lost Anne, had lost the means to live as he was accustomed to live. . . . These other chaps had lost their money, but all of them had some business training, some experience. He had nothing; he had been a gambler, no more than that. He had taken the tips of brokers, of friends, with no knowledge as to the conditions of business which justified these tips. Other men could look forward to rebuilding their shattered fortunes, but only a miracle could rehabilitate his.

HE SAW himself hanging on desperately to his club memberships, living in a cheap room and bath in a shabby lodging house, cadging for invitations to Palm Beach, to Southampton, to Saratoga. . . . He'd become like some of those old beaux whom he often laughed at, *who had been popular bachelors* once, and who now were invited out through pity. . . . At least, most of these old beaux had means; he would have practically nothing.

And Anne! He couldn't obey that impulse to run away which had been with him since last week's first crash and which, this evening, almost dominated him. He owed it to Anne not to let her think that she had read him wrongly, that he had been flirting, not in love with her.

He couldn't write to her. That was cowardly. He must go to her, tell her that he was reduced to practical penury, that he loved her, and that he could not ask her to share her life with him. Oh, he knew Anne. She'd want to give up everything, want to come to him, want to take him on any terms. He knew the brave loyalty of Anne.

Also, he knew that it would require strength on his part to refuse the sweet offer of herself. But that would mean permitting Mrs. Draycon to finance them. . . .

"Have a drink, Morgan," called Web Curtis. "We who are about to die salute—what do we salute, fellers?"

"Lord knows," replied Tim Curran. "All I got to say is that if I were Al Smith I'd be laughing my head off, and—"

"Aw, Hoover isn't to blame," said Curtis. "Ec—hic—ec'nomic c'nditions—"

Those who were about to die, eh? Well, that was all right for Web and Tim, maybe, but he, Morgan Collette, wasn't *about* to die; to all practical purposes he was dead. Dead to the life, the friendships, the love, of the past. Well, then, he might as well get the funeral over with.

He left the club and taxied uptown.

Too nervous to sit down, he moved restlessly about the pretty living-room. A servant had admitted him to Anne's home, had shown him into this room, and in a minute or so Anne would cross the threshold with that lithe stride of hers. Her face would light up at sight of him; then the features would compose themselves, and the handshake she would give him would have the quick firmness of a nervous boy. But the little palm would be warm, and there would be strangely golden glints in the blue eyes—this was impossible, yet he knew that he had seen them there—and through the tan of her cheeks color would glow.

And then the red would disappear, and the glints would vanish, and the lips would quiver. . . . For in the same breath that he would tell her that he loved her, he would tell her that marriage was impossible. And she wouldn't cry, and beyond one offer to share poverty with him, she wouldn't attempt to make him alter his decision. And then he'd walk out of the house, out of her life. . . .

He heard light steps in the hall, and turned toward the door. His face fell comically as Mrs. Draycon, not Anne, entered the room. His mind, prepared for another person, took seconds to readjust itself, seconds in which odd incongruities in Mrs. Draycon thrust themselves into his thoughts.

How could so grenadier-like a person have Anne's lithe walk, and still preserve so slim a figure? How could one with such regular and handsome features seem so stern, so unbending? Thank God that Anne had inherited her looks from the male side. There was no danger that Anne would ever grow into a female commander-in-chief. And her character, too, had come, Collette imagined, from her dead father. Certainly the daughter was nothing like, in person or temperament, the unsmiling woman who now stood looking coldly at the caller.

Collette felt himself coloring angrily. Mrs. Draycon had the uncomfortable faculty of making one feel uninvited, an intruder. Not that her words were rude, or her manner failing in frigid courtesy, but one always felt, even as she asked a question, that one's answer was unsolicited and sounded impertinent in her ears.

"Anne isn't in?" asked Collette. He knew that he stammered in embarrassment, and reddened the more as he realized that his words were hardly polite.

"ANNE will be down in a moment," replied her mother. "She's changing. But I wanted to see you a moment, Morgan."

"Why, of course, only too happy—" Collette could have bitten his tongue in rage at its gaucheries.

Mrs. Draycon sat down, and Collette wondered that so slim a form could be majestic in so prosaic an act as sitting in a chair. She had the gift of investing every slightest action with importance. The younger generation might giggle behind her back, but when she looked at them their features were grave enough.

"You and Anne have been friends a long time," she said.

"Why, yes," agreed Collette.

She ignored his interruption.

"I have approved that friendship," she went on. "I knew your mother and

(*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"Nobody's broke while they can get their cakes," she told him

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Eyes Left

When Bert Lahr faced his first big-time audience at the New York Palace his tongue and lips refused to move although his knees were in violent motion. He saved the show by the use—or misuse—of his eyes and thereby discovered a hidden asset

By John B. Kennedy

Bert Lahr, of the acrobatic optics and roughneck humor, whose instant and lasting success has been one of Broadway's miracles

Vandamm Studios

IN THE best regulated businesses there come serious moments. One such occurred in a prosperous cloak and suit establishment located in that hive of industry known as New York's Potash and Perlmutter belt. Partners in the firm were engaged in a solemn huddle. Buyers were present, and indifferent. They had inquired regarding a line of merchandise they wanted, which line the cloak and suit concern did not have for sale. Substitutes were offered and rejected and the buyers, rather than leave, had asked loudly—as is the custom with impatient patrons—"What else have you?"

A lull—and an answer. From the stockroom next door came a hearty wail:

"Yes, we have no bananas!"

Perfect irony—a catchword that was later destined to make an entire continent banana-conscious.

Its immediate effect was to rout those buyers. They left the place with the stern looks of honest men outraged on their countenances. If they ever darkened that cloak and suit threshold again, the look seemed to say, it would not be in the capacity of buyers.

The partners searched out the inconvenient wit responsible for the *faux pas*. They fired him.

And that is how Bert Lahr became Broadway's youngest and most popular low comedian.

Father Rebels

"I am the son," he said, in the grave manner of expert low comedians when pinned down to biographical mood, "of not-so-poor but honest parents. So honest, indeed, was my father that when I told him one morning at breakfast that I was going to be an actor he stopped sipping his coffee, took me by the hand, and led me forthwith to the family doctor."

The doctor pronounced Bert normal, but to make sure suggested consultation with a psychologist. He, in turn, examined the boy and suggested plenty of school work, plenty of home work and plenty of baseball. He added the unprofessional opinion that if young Lahr, in spite of advice, became an actor customers should be warned before they paid their money at the box office.

Notwithstanding all this, on a cold afternoon in March you might have observed, had you been observant as early as March, 1912, a boy of average height, sixteen years of age, with a high forehead, a pudgy nose, and a countenance archipelagoed with freckles, hurrying furtively along a New York street in the direction of a New York theater. Under his arm he carried a bag of tricks—of make-up tricks: velvet suit, bow-tied shoes, Eton collar and a round, red pork-pie hat. He had applied for a tryout at one of the mass arcades of amusement operated by Mr. Marcus Loew. Mr. Loew had no knowledge whatever of the event. It would not have disturbed him in the least one way, another or both.

Outside the theater a line of twenty-five-cent customers awaited opening time. Young Lahr started down the street, resolved. Sighting the customers he halted, resolution trembled. He surveyed their faces and took thought. After thought, he took fright. Ignobly he clutched his bag and retraced his steps.

Young Lahr got home, hid the bag in his bedroom and sat down dutifully at his father's suggestion to write various concerns for jobs. He wrote well, his literary style being precocious at the time and marked by a flair for adjectives when the subject matter was his own ability.

All the canvassed concerns replied, summoning him to be interviewed. He picked out one with the most impressive stationery, a concern dealing in novelties. They occupied half a loft but were generously anticipative of growth, displaying in their letterheads pictures of two city blocks of buildings.

Watching His Voice

Lahr was hired at twenty dollars a week. He reported for work.

"Take this pack of ties and socks and peddle 'em," the manager directed. Lahr took them and returned them the same day by express collect.

"All in all," he recounts, in the grave manner before mentioned, "I took and lost sixteen jobs in three months. Most of them paid me a day's pay to be gone after I had contributed less than an hour's work. I could have got rich at the racket, but opportunity beckoned me with a large, imperious finger."

It happened that some of the neighbors' children were ambitious to make money in theatricals. School shows were then the vogue. Even the Four Marx Brothers were tolerated by a forgiving public in one of these shows. You may remember the set-up. A class of kids, some wearing dunce caps, which belonged; most of them using voices which did not belong. Lahr's gang consisted of seven such choice talents.

"I later joined Joe Woods' Nine Crazy Kids," he records. "This was a vaudeville outfit in which I was the sissy who gave the teacher an apple a day to keep home work away. Mr. Woods saw the act and appeared back-stage with a song he assigned me to sing.

"At the next performance I lifted my

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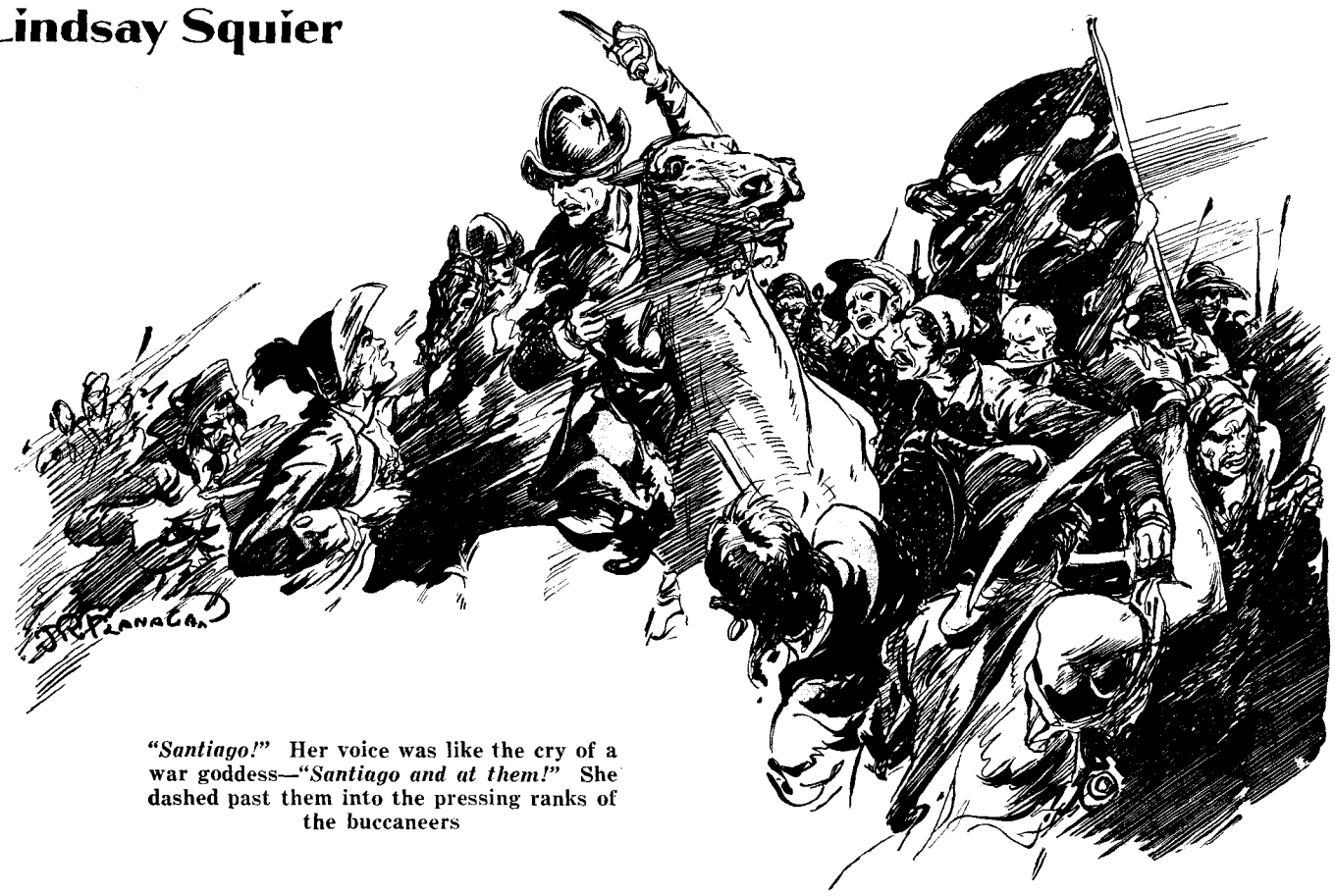
Glorious Buccaneer

It happened in a most romantic day, when everything was different—except the human heart

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



"Santiago!" Her voice was like the cry of a war goddess—*"Santiago and at them!"* She dashed past them into the pressing ranks of the buccaneers

A FEELING of deep portent filled the long, white-walled room, golden with candlelight, colorful with rare brocades and treasures brought from Spain. Don Emilio de Garazosa, the *alcalde*, stared with deep-sunken eyes at the assemblage before him, men with dark hair and the thin haughty features of the Spanish aristocrat. Pioneers all, in the wild new land of California, whither they had come to try their fortunes. The pueblo of Soledad had prospered. But now a terrible menace threatened it.

Pirates! Blood-thirsty buccaneers who harried the coastal pueblos, coming under cover of darkness to attack the scattered colonists in their homes, drive off the cattle, seize whatever of treasure there was to be found, kill the men and carry off the women into a dreadful slavery.

Las Palomas, to the south, had been burned and sacked within the fortnight. And now Soledad, with its peaceful richness, offered an unprotected prize to the insatiable sea wolves' appetites. What to do? Indian sentinels had been posted on the hills overlooking the sea—but no one could be sure of the fidelity of these savages, so lately redeemed from heathenish practices, until their chieftain, Chonco, the medicine man, pledged his faith. And that he had not done.

Behind the worthy alcalde, discreetly in the shadow, sat his wife, Doña Erlinda, staring anxiously, and the younger daughter, Catarina, whose placid gentleness was a reflection of her mother's character. But standing beside Don Emilio as if her right to do so were unquestioned, erect as an Amazon queen, crimson-gowned, black-eyed and vivid—with a strange wild beauty as thrilling as it was disturbing—was his eldest daughter, Doña Serafina.

She listened as the talk went shuttle-wise back and forth through the golden-tinted room—a talk in which fear was predominant. Now Don Raimundo was speaking. He was her betrothed—had been so since childhood. He was young and (so thought the watchful Catarina from her corner) probably the handsomest hidalgo in California. But in Serafina's opinion there was too much of Madrid in him. She stared at him, listening; her richly red lips twisted scornfully. . . .

"Were we stronger in numbers, gentlemen of Spain, there would be no doubt as to our ability to break the teeth of these marauding sea wolves. But there are as yet so few of us. Would it not be wiser for the time being to buy our safety of them, only awaiting the day when we may employ measures more to our liking?"

An uneasy stirring of feet [illegible] in answer to his hesi- question. The alcalde [illegible] his lips to speak. [illegible] Serafina leaned [illegible] eyes blazing.

"What we lack, gentlemen of Spain, is not numbers, but courage! What if we are outnumbered ten to one? The more glory for us, the more bitter the defeat to them! And any of these mauraders that we can catch alive—we will hang!"

A MURMUR of approbation swelled up from the crowded room. The shadows on the candlelighted walls seemed to leap with new life. Only Don Raimundo stood pale and trembling, and his look at his betrothed was almost a glare. *Dios!* The woman was like an untamed mountain lion!

The alcalde lifted his hand for silence. And in that moment the heavy oaken doors at the end of the room burst open. An Indian runner stood there, his brown body glistening with sweat, his black, savage eyes fixed upon the portly figure of Don Emilio. He said a few guttural words in his own dialect, and pointed. Both words and gesture were translated into a turmoil of hurried sound and movement.

"The *bucaneros!* They are coming! They have landed, and are approaching Soledad from the north, thinking to take us unawares!"

The voice of the alcalde rose above the excited voices: "*Caballeros*—to arms! We will not await them here—we will ride out to meet them, and give them surprise for surprise! Gentlemen, I give you the battle cry of our glorious ancestors: *'Santiago! Santiago and at them!'*"

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

The dark, balmy California night was alive with the swift, rhythmic thud of galloping hoofs. Across the hills they went—grim-mouthed caballeros of Spain—and the Indian sentinel like a shadow beside the horses. In the intense concentration of the moment no one noticed another rider, taking advantage of hollows and gullies to gallop unseen behind them. . . .

Suddenly there was a shout. The mounted defenders plunged in a stampeding torrent down upon a long line of burly, furtively moving figures slipping out from a declivity in the hills. A fierce, blood-lusting roar answered them. They came together in a hideous turmoil of belching flames, clashing knives, deafening volleys of shots.

Suddenly the horse of Don Emilio reared upward and backward, its gallant throat gashed by a pirate cutlass. The alcalde tried to swing himself free. But the animal caught him in its thrashing death struggle. He was pinned beneath the heavy, jerking body.

Don Raimundo was beside him on the instant, tugging senselessly, adding to the torture.

"No, no! Leave me! Give thy fighting to the bucaneros!"

The mishap struck terror into the hearts of the defenders. They surged about the fallen man, pressed backward by the fierce assailants. He cursed them, and gasped at them to leave him alone—to fight. . . .

AND then, out of the darkness—there came at a furious gallop a mounted figure, erect in the saddle—long-barreled pistol held high—Serafina! Her black hair whipped back from her face, her crimson garments streaming like a banner of battle. . . .

"Santiago!" Her voice was like the cry of a war goddess—*"Santiago and at them!"*

She dashed past them into the pressing ranks of the bucaneros. They saw one burly giant fall as her pistol flashed fire. Then they leaped to follow her.

The pirates, hesitant for the instant, believing themselves attacked by reenforcements, wavered—and in that wavering were lost. Their close formation broken, they ran, each man for himself. And now behind them came the avenging caballeros of Spain—striking, slaying, shouting—pursuing the fleeing bucaneros into the hills, down to the sea—while the Indians ran to

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build signal fires upon the cliffs, thin triumphant tongues of light that redly proclaimed the word of victory to other, farther pueblos.

But to this last Serafina gave no heed. She was on her knees beside the inert, crumpled body of her father. His head was cradled in her arms, and hot tears streamed down her cheeks and fell upon his closed eyelids.

"Papacito! Papacito! Thou must not die! We have been victorious, Papacito!"

From the darkness there came a sudden shout. Then a growling and a scuffling, as of dogs around a stag at bay. Don Raimundo, with others, was dragging something along the ground. And they flung at Doña Serafina's feet, as if it were the carcass of a dead wolf, the sprawled, limp body of a man. A blood-stained silken wrapping swathed his head.

"A wounded bucanero!" Don Raimundo panted. "He was trying to escape!"

Doña Serafina drew in her breath in a sound that was like a hiss.

"To the pueblo with him! To the cuartel! We'll make an example of him for his fellow beasts to know of! And if my father dies—this man shall be treated as his murderer, and torn apart by red-hot irons!"

The human huddle at her feet moved feebly. With a wrench he turned himself. And she found herself staring down into the blue eyes of a man—a young man, who, even in that moment of mingled anguish and craving for vengeance, gave her a sense of shocked unbelief. A bucanero—this?

His eyes were crinkled a little, sardonically, even though there was intense pain in them, and a wide, bleeding gash upon the forehead.

"Señorita," he managed in excellent, though halting, Spanish, "has Your Grace ever heard of the quality of mercy that is not strained?"

She gasped. Surely there was some mistake. . . .

Don Raimundo leaned down, pistol in hand.

"The insolent dog! Let us finish him now!"

She struck back the weapon, peremptorily.

"My father is in command here! Take this man to the cuartel!"

THAT night, single-handed, Serafina fought with death. Outside, the pueblo was astir with victorious clamor. But inside the quiet house she worked ceaselessly, administering the simple remedies that were available, even accepting the powerful brew of herbs that Chonco, the Indian medicine man, brought. She had sent the weeping Doña Erlinda and Catarina away. Silently, tensely, she sat beside the bed where death hovered. Strange, whirling, incoherent thoughts made a turmoil of her mind. The victory over the pirates—her father—Don Raimundo—and, try as she would to banish the picture—the blue-eyed bucanero who had smiled into her eyes with such calm, insolent assurance. . . .

At dawn her father opened haggard eyes and spoke her name. Weakly he felt for her hand. She lifted it against her warm lips, fighting back hot tears.

"Little one—the shadows seem so close—promise me, Chiquita, that thou wilt marry Raimundo, soon. . . ."

"Oh, Papacito, I promise thee! Anything! Only thou must live, Papacito! Now do not speak, only rest, and regain thy strength!"

At sunset the alcalde was still alive, though his breathing was vague and unsteady. And at sunset Doña Serafina rode out on her coal-black horse, dismounted at the adobe-walled cuartel and flung the reins to her Indian mozo.

The interior of the one small room with its high, pierced window was almost unbearably hot and foul of air. The redness of the waning light made the shadows even deeper. And Serafina, halting at the entrance as Luis, the jailer, slipped back the massive iron bolts, exclaimed in quick dismay:

"Holy saints, man, hast thou let him escape? Where is the bucanero?" A rustle in the pile of straw at one corner of the stone chamber drew her attention. A white, pain-contorted face lifted itself, and the blue eyes, burning much too brightly, gazed sardonically at her.

"The bucanero has not escaped, Señorita, but is like to, by way of Señor Death's back door unless Your Grace wishes to urge upon the jailer the necessity of water. . . ."

SHE came nearer, stepping daintily, like a cat, holding high her black velvet riding skirt.

"You have no water?" Her tone was sharp. But her eyes took in the hectic flush of his sunken cheeks, and the unhealed, ugly wound on his forehead.

"None, as Your Grace can see—or cannot see."

She turned imperiously to the man behind her.

"You gave the prisoner no water—no food? Why not?" He cringed beneath her tone, and his hands opened outward in a gesture of apology typically Latin.

"I thought he was to hang at sunrise, Señorita—"

The bucanero, sprawled out in the straw, laughed wrenchingly.

"True economy, Señorita! He would do well in Boston!"

She frowned blackly, and stamped her foot.

"Fool!" she cried out to the astounded Luis. "My father still lives, and has yet to give the order. Bring water instantly, and some bandages."

The lips of the bucanero twisted into a faint smile. He lay back, looking at her. . . .

"It is a great pity, Señorita—"

"That thou art to end thy worthless life upon the gallows?" Her voice was very stern.

"No, not that—the gallows will have hung worse than I! The pity is that our positions were not reversed. Had I captured *you*, Señorita—I would have made you a prisoner—for life!"

She gasped at the effrontery of it. And yet a little flush that was not that of the sunset crept up along her smooth cheeks. Courage was to her liking. She wondered, all in the space of an instant, if Don Raimundo were capable of speaking gallantries in the near presence of death.

"In the short time you have to live," she countered sharply, "it will avail more if you think of the salvation of your soul!"

"I have already lost my soul, Señorita—and my heart."

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Holly at the Window

An old-fashioned Christmas story

By Zona Gale

EVERY other occupied house on the avenue had holly wreaths in the windows or on the front door. But the Stardraves' house had none. The glass, leaded and richly curtained, stood up like gleaming shields among the gray stones and knew nothing of either flowers or holly.

But when Anthony Stardrave's car stopped before the house, on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December, and when he stepped to his threshold, a door folded back without evident agency and he was received into a lighted interior, where there was as much coming and going, and as great activity and excitement as in any other house on the day before Christmas. Only this activity had nothing to do with Christmas or with its ceremonies or with its gifts.

"Tell Miss Ronnie I want her," said Stardrave. His voice shook the man who was taking his coat. The poor fellow fumbled at a sleeve, dropped the muffler, slipped on the rug and retired, with pointed eyes and a look that appeared to question, without hope of answer. "At once!" Stardrave shouted, and went into the library.

Instantly his niece's footfalls might be heard on the stair. Those servants who had been in the house for the ten years that Ronnie's feet had run over it in answer to her uncle's voice—those two, Jan and Marfa, often said that she heard him before he called. After he called, they added, *anybody* might hear him.

Stardrave now turned to Ronnie his handsome, tortured face. He was not sixty, but he looked as if life had torn him, crucified him, and left him for dead. His face was seamed and creased, his eyes burned out, his gaze at once agonized and hopeless. His mouth, full and rather beautiful, and not too red, had a twist of mockery without humor. And there was his voice, with its cultivated speech, delivered in tones modulated, but modulated in the registers of a titan whose voice must suit his size.

He centered his look on Ronnie—the squinting, short-sighted look of a man whose eyes are dimming—and demanded:

"Have my trunks gone down?"

Ronnie seemed astonished. She was small and calm, and somewhat preoccupied with a list in her hand.

"You're not sailing until tomorrow midnight," she reminded him.

"I know when I'm sailing!" he shouted. "I didn't ask that. I asked if my trunks have gone down."

"No, of course not," said Ronnie, and returned to her list.

AS THIS was fuel upon coals, he roared: "Why the devil haven't they been sent off?" Ronnie had once said it was because her uncle looked so miserable that he was able to roar without being ridiculous.

"Oh, they aren't ready," said Ronnie lightly, running down her list with her pencil. "They won't be ready till tonight."

"My Lord," said Stardrave, dropping his voice in a way that he had when his fury was at the crest, "so you want me to enter Cambodia and Indo-China without an extra shirt to my back?"

It was these turns, which in another would have been a wan humor but in him were that very ghost of humor—exasperation; it was these turns which made Ronnie able to bear with him.

"They wouldn't notice," said Ronnie. "Besides, Mrs. Heathered hasn't finished your silk nightcaps. I know," she added, "you don't like them mentioned but you would have it."

He continued his frowning look—a look groping about her, without really seeing her; but her word—nightcap or another—had silenced him. So Ronnie's small, somehow completed face broke into a sustained and provocative smile.

"Look here," she said, "you've simply got to leave me some orders about Christmas."

"I shall not," said Stardrave, shortly.

"I've made a list," she continued, "of people who absolutely can't—they can *not* be neglected. It's too late to do much except flowers, but I can shop a little this afternoon. . . ."

"Not for me," said Stardrave.

"You sound like a type," said Ronnie. "The type that doesn't care for Christmas."

"What's the use, Ronnie? You know," said Stardrave violently, and sat down abruptly before the fire, with his back turned toward her.

SHE came to a divan and sat beside him, with an air of patience. Then, as if she feared that he were going to tell her again, she began to tell him:

"Eighteen years ago tonight," she said, "and Cousin Jessie wasn't eighteen then—and now she must be nearly thirty-six, and she could be a great comfort to you, and you could be making Christmas for your grandchild."

She went on mentally: "Eighteen years ago tonight, and there was a Christmas tree ten feet tall in this room; and after all the gifts were given and everybody was happy, in came Jessie and her young lover to be married beside the tree. They counted on your benignity or something—and you hadn't any and you drove them out of the house and let them be married on the curbstone, wasn't it?—well, it was so far as you were concerned." She went on aloud: "Think of it, Uncle Anthony—never to have seen her in these eighteen years. Never to have celebrated a single Christmas since. . . ."

"She married a puppy," said Stardrave, "a little incompetent. . . ."

"He was her puppy, not yours, Uncle Anthony," Ronnie said. "And he wasn't so incompetent, it seems—for he has ruined eighteen Christmas eves and days for you and for the people you might have made happy. Let's not let him spoil any more."

"Go off with you," said Anthony Stardrave, uncompromisingly.

"Here's my list," said Ronnie. "I'll read it to you."

"I don't want your list," said Stardrave. "It isn't only this business that makes me hate Christmas. It's a lot of wretched people who can't pay for the presents they make and who don't like the people they send them to. I won't be a party to their hypocrisy."

Ronnie said: "You can afford *some* things and you like *some* people."

Suddenly Stardrave turned and looked toward her, with his wandering way of inattention.

"I know what you think," he said harshly. "You think that all this is pose—that I pretend more than I feel. I tell you that not a fraction of what I feel about this can I ever express. There's no use. For me, Christmas died eighteen years ago, when my daughter died to me. Don't badger me any more, Ronnie. I'm done."

He lifted his eyes, and she caught in his face the look that she had seen there sometimes—the look of a man mourning aloud, covering his head with ashes, shaken and devastated by life and unable to enter again into his flesh; but

Illustrated by Oscar F. Schmidt

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instead destined to walk prisoned, distant from earth, and yet alive in its forms. The aspect of a man dead who moves in the visages of life. Not only the daughter who had left him and whom he had refused to see, not only the grandchild whom he had never seen, but earlier tragedies were in his face.

The son drowned in little boyhood; the shadow of prison on his own father; and the history of his wife, Millicent, who had loved him in a fashion expressed by a badgering jealousy and a petty espionage, so devastating to herself that her friends believed her to have died of it. Through her last years, when Jessie was a young girl, Stardrave had lived in Europe, and when he came home at last to try to make the best of it, he had found his wife dying. He became certain that he might have saved her, and tried to make up for all by his devotion to the child. Then he had violently and traditionally "cast off" the child at her marriage.

NOW Stardrave did walk, wailing within, and he was a man dead who moves in the forms of life. When, as now, Ronnie caught at its bars the face of that one within, she could say no more. She stood up.

"Your trunks will be ready the first thing in the morning," she said. "Now will you come upstairs and try on those—those things Mrs. Heathered is making for you?"

It seemed sacrilegious that in a world shaken by tragedy, remorse, loneliness, still the need of white silk nightcaps should persist.

Stardrave got up heavily. He looked around the room as if he were capable of receiving a certain wan comfort from his familiarity with these objects.

"Cambodia—Indo-China—Java," he said. "What a fool a man is. It isn't there—it isn't there!"

He went up the stairs, the words and his tone lying about him. It was as if the emotion of active search had forsaken him—as if he were a man forever crying: "It isn't there!"

Down the stairway, Ronnie running ahead, the procession marched to the library door

A BEDROOM on the second floor was used as a sewing-room. To the others in the house it was "a bedroom." To Stardrave it was Jessie's room. Why, he thought miserably, must they torture him in these needless ways? Why wouldn't another bedroom have done for Mrs. Heathered? But after all, what bedroom? That closed door shut off Millicent's room. That door led to his own room where, night after night, furies had gnawed at him. Why not Jessie's room?

He stood in the doorway and remembered her face as it had looked when he had gone in, sometimes, to kiss her good night; her face, as she had come from that room in the mornings. This must be the inlaid satinwood furniture that he had given her on that last Christmas. . . . There would be her deep chair by the hearth.

In the deep chair by the hearth someone stirred. A little boy looked round at him.

"Have I got your seat?" he asked.

"You have not," said Stardrave curtly.

"Anyway, there's another one," said the boy, indicating it.

"You are very kind," said Stardrave, and looked round for Mrs. Heathered. Not seeing her he walked to the window and cursed the woman. She had been making nightcaps for him for some time, but from the measurements she hadn't got the last ones right and so she was to fit him, and she didn't yet know that he mustn't be kept waiting. Nor that she mustn't bring brats to the house.

"I suppose," said the boy from his chair, "you think it's queer I don't get up. It's on account of the brace."

Stardrave wheeled. He hadn't noticed the thin leg in its brace nor, indeed, had he more than seen the child. With his diminishing power of sight, the world and its beings were receding from him. He grunted.

"I hope I'm not in the way," the boy said, in an unchildlike fashion. "Mother was afraid I would be, and if I am, then she leaves me home all day. And that's a long time, alone. Just sitting, you know. The window doesn't see very much. And I haven't got a dog—now. Books are all right, but they aren't to talk to. Are they?" he asked, suddenly requiring not so much confirmation as the other's participation.

"I dare say not," said Stardrave.

NOW he tried to look closely at the boy. He was small-boned, fine-featured and not boyish. He might have been eight years old or he might have been twelve. But he lifted his face with an air not of unthinking trust but of that confidence of an adult when, as rarely, he has at once assumed that another is worth while. He had rather an ugly, open little face, with the ready grin of a boy. He moved slightly, and his brace grated.

"Have you ever worn a brace?" he asked conversationally.

"Never," said Stardrave. He was sitting on the window ledge and the light from another window beat upon his face.

(*Continued on page 28*)

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The Road Back

By Erich Maria Remarque

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"I did not know you were coming so soon, Adolf." She gazes at him with great, wide eyes

The Story Thus Far:

ERNST was a schoolboy when he enlisted in the German army. For two years war was his only occupation; misery and bloodshed made up his life.

Suddenly there is peace, and he is marching homeward with his friends—into a world in which he already feels superfluous.

In Belgium they are fired on from behind the houses. Heinzmann is hit and lies dying in the street. On the march he has been tight-lipped and grim; he was going home to take vengeance on his wife, who was unfaithful to him in his absence. As he dies his friends gather round him and swear they will carry out his intention to punish her.

News of the revolution reaches them on the way, and in their native city they are attacked by street rioters, who want to tear the insignia from Lieutenant Ludwig Breyer's shoulders. The red-headed giant Willy Homeyer puts the ruffians to flight.

Once home, Ernst is seized with restlessness. His father and mother and sisters appear to him like strangers, speaking a foreign tongue. He hunts up his comrades. They too feel restless and ill at ease. Peace presents problems and uncertainties of which they had not dreamed.

Ernst goes to dinner at the house of his uncle, who has grown rich during the war. There, in a fit of absent-mindedness, he disgraces himself by eating with his fingers. Sick with rage and humiliation he leaves.

What place is there for him, he wonders, in this incomprehensible world?

III

I AM on my way from the station to visit Adolf Bethke. I recognize his house at once—he described it to me often enough out there.

A garden with fruit trees. The apples have not all been picked yet. There are a lot lying in the grass under the trees. An immense chestnut tree stands in an open space before the door. Below it the ground is covered over and over with russet leaves, the stone table also, and the bench beneath it. The pinkish white of the burst, spiky husks and the lustrous brown of the fallen nuts glisten among the leaves. I pick up a couple and look at the lacquered, veined mahogany rind and the lighter germinal spot beneath it. Just to think that there are such things, I think, and look about me—to think that there is all this: these gay-colored trees, the misty blue woods, yes, woods, not mere shattered stumps of trees any more; this wind coming over the fields, without fumes of powder and stink of gas; this rich, glistening, plowed earth with its pungent smell; the horses drawing plows, no longer gun limbers; and behind them, without rifles, the plowmen, back home again, plowmen in soldiers' uniforms.

The sun is hidden behind clouds floating above a group of trees, but pencils of silver light shoot out from behind them. Children's gay-colored kites sway high up in the air. My lungs breathe deep, the cool air streams in and out—no guns, no trench mortars any more; no pack clutching the chest, no belt hanging heavy round the belly; gone from the neck the taut feeling of wariness and watching, gone too the half-slinking gait that could always pass over in the next second to a fall and a crouch, and to terror and to death. I walk free and upright with swinging shoulders and feel the strength and richness of this moment—to be there, and to be visiting my comrade Adolf.

The house door stands half open. On the right is the kitchen. I knock. No one answers. "Good day," I say aloud.

Nothing stirs. I go in farther and open another door. Someone is seated alone at the table—he looks up, disheveled, an old uniform, a glance: Bethke!

"Adolf," I cry out, delighted, "didn't you hear me? Fast asleep, eh?"

Without shifting his position he gives me his hand.

"I thought I would come over and see you, Adolf."

"That is good of you, Ernst," he says somberly.

"Anything the matter, Adolf?" I ask in surprise.

"Ach, let a man alone, Ernst—"

I sit down beside him. "But, Adolf, old man, what's up with you then?"

HE EVADES it: "Nothing, I'm all right, but let a man alone, Ernst, can't you? Only it's good, you know, it's damned good that one of you has come." He stands up. "A man will go crazy all alone like this. . . ."

I look around. There is no sign of his wife anywhere.

For a while he continues silent, then says suddenly: "It is good that you have come." He rummages about for some schnapps and cigarettes. We have a spot out of a couple of thick glasses that have pink flowers let in underneath. Before the window lies the garden and the path with the fruit trees. The wind blows. The garden gate rattles. From the corner a dark, stained grandfather's clock with weights sounds the hour.

"Good health, Adolf."

"Good health, Ernst."

A cat steals across the room. It jumps up on the sewing machine and purrs. After a while Adolf begins to talk.

"They come here and they talk, my father and my mother, my father-in-law, my mother-in-law—and they don't understand me and I don't understand them. It is just as if we were not the same persons any more." He props his head in his hands. "You understand me, Ernst, and I you—but with these people it is as though there were a wall between us."

In the end I hear the whole story.

BETHKE arrived home with his pack on his back and a bag full of good food, coffee, chocolate, and even a length of silk, enough for a whole dress. Lederhose sold him most of it, but to get the silk had cost him a lot of work. However, he did get it, and first thing on his arrival he meant to put it over his wife's shoulders and arrange it over her breast and her back, and then he would say to her casually: "Well, how do you think it suits you, Marie?" Just to have such things as that ahead of him makes a man glad; it gets into his legs and they go of themselves.

He meant to come in quite softly to give his wife a surprise, but the dog starts barking like mad and almost pulls over his kennel. Then Bethke can restrain himself no longer. He runs down the path between the apple trees—his path, his trees, his house, his wife. His heart is thudding in his throat like a sledge hammer. He throws open the door, a deep breath, and then in—"Marie—"

He sees her. His very glance embraces her. It overwhelms him with joy—the dim light, his home, the ticking clock, the table, the big armchair, and there his wife—he makes toward her. But she retreats and stares at him as if he were a ghost.

He does not understand. "Did I frighten you?" he asks, laughing.

"Yes," she says nervously.

"That will soon wear off, Marie," he answers, shaking with excitement. Now he is here in the room he can't stop trembling. He has been away a sight too long.

"I did not know you were coming so soon, Adolf," says his wife. She stands with her back to the cupboard in the wall and gazes at him with great, wide eyes. Something cold suddenly seizes him and squeezes his lungs. "Aren't you a little bit glad, then?" he asks awkwardly.

"Yes, Adolf, of course—"

"Nothing has happened, has it?" he goes on, and still holds all the things in his hand.

AND then the blubbering starts. She puts her head down on the table. Why shouldn't he hear it at once? The others will tell him anyway. . . . She had an affair with a fellow; it just came over her; she did not mean anything and she had never thought of anyone but of him. Now let him kill her if he likes.

Adolf stands and stands, and at last perceives that he still has his bundle perched like a monkey on his shoulders. He unbuckles it; he starts to unpack; he is trembling and keeps thinking: "It can't be true though, it can't be—" He goes on unpacking, to have something to do, not to have to be still. The silk crackles in his hand; he holds it up:

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"I meant to bring this for you," and keeps thinking: "It can't be true, it can't be." Helplessly he holds up the red silk, and still nothing of what has happened penetrates his skull.

But she weeps and will hear nothing. He sits down and considers and suddenly feels a terrible hunger. There are some apples from off the trees in the garden, fine russets; he takes them and eats, for he must do something. Then his hands become limp—he understands. A raving fury surges up in him; he must smash something; he goes out to look for the man.

He does not find him. Then he goes to the inn. There the men greet him, but they speak circumspectly, looking past him and choosing their words. So they know it, too. Bethke behaves as though nothing had happened—but what man could keep that up? He drinks off his pint and is about to go when somebody asks: "Been home yet?" As he leaves the bar there is silence behind him.

He runs hither and thither until it grows late. At last he stands once again before his own house. What should he do? He goes in. The lamp is burning; there is coffee on the table, and fried potatoes in a pan on the hearth. "How good it would all be if only the rest were all right," he thinks miserably, "even a white cloth on the table." As it is, this only makes it the harder.

His wife is there, and she weeps no longer. She pours out the coffee as he sits down, and places the potatoes and sausages on the table. But she has set no plate for herself.

He looks at her. She is thin and pale. Everything is swallowed up in one feeling of utter, meaningless misery. He does not want to know any more about it. He only wants to lock himself in, to lie down on his bed and turn into stone. The coffee is steaming. He pushes it away, the pan too. The woman is afraid. She knows what is coming.

But Adolf does not stand up, he cannot. He simply shakes his head and says: "Go, Marie."

She does not speak a word. She casts her shawl about her shoulders, edges the pan a little toward him again, says in a timid voice: "At least, eat, Adolf—" Then she goes. She is going, she is going, her soft tread soundless. The door shuts. Outside the dog barks, the wind moans at the window. Bethke is alone.

Then the night.

A FEW days like that alone in the house and a man straight back from the trenches frets and wilts away. Adolf ran across the other fellow once in an oak clearing somewhere. He recognized the scoundrel by the furtive looks that he gave him, but already Adolf was too crushed under the everlasting brooding: his anger melted before the paralyzing thought: "What is the use? After all she must have desired it too." Misery lay too deep upon him. He turned away without lifting a hand. But the other fellow made off, thanking his stars.

Then her people came and talked: He should reconsider it; his wife had been quite straight for a long time now; to be alone for four years, that is no small thing; the fellow was to blame and then people did a lot of queer things during the war.

"What is a man to do, Ernst?" Adolf looks up.

"Damn it, but what a bloody skunk!" I say.

"That is what you come home to these days, Ernst!"

I refill the glasses and we drink. As Adolf has no cigars in the house and will not go to the store himself, I go to fetch some. Adolf is a heavy smoker, and it might help matters if he had a few cigars. I start back with a whole box full of "Woodman's Joy," fat, brown stumps that have not been misnamed, made, as they are, of nothing but beech leaves. Still they are better than nothing.

When I return someone else is already there. I know at once that it is his wife. She carries herself upright, and her shoulders are frail. There is something pathetic about a woman's neck and shoulders—they always have something childlike about them. A man can never bring himself to be really cross with them. Not counting, of course, the fat ones, with necks like hams.

I say "Good day" and take off my cap. She does not reply. I put the cigars in front of Adolf, but he does not take one. The clock is ticking. Leaves of the chestnut tree fall spinning down past the window. Sometimes one strikes against the pane and the wind holds it there. The five earthy-brown leaves, all joined on one stem, then look like outspread, grasping hands menacing us from outside—brown, dead hands of autumn.

At last Adolf moves, and in a voice I do not recognize says: "Now go, Marie."

She rises obediently like a school child, looks in front of her and goes. The fine neck, the frail shoulders, how is it possible?

"And so she comes every day and sits there and says nothing and waits and looks at me," says Adolf somberly. I am sorry for him, but now I am sorry also for the woman.

"COME into town with me, Adolf. There's no point in your squatting here," I suggest.

But he will not. Outside the dog is still barking. Now his wife is going out at the garden gate, back to her parents.

"Does she want to come back here again, then?" I ask. He nods. I say no more. He must settle that for himself. "You ought to come along with me," I try once again.

"Later, Ernst."

"Light a cigar, anyway." I shove the box toward him and wait until he takes one. Then I give him my hand.

"I will come out and see you again, Adolf."

He accompanies me as far as the door of the courtyard. I wave to him after a moment. He continues to stand in the little doorway, and behind him is the darkness of evening again, just as when he first climbed out and left us. He should have stayed with us. Now he is alone and unhappy, and we cannot help him, glad enough as we would be to do it.

Ach, things were much simpler at the front—so long as a man was still alive all was well.

I am in no mood to go home; I do not want to be alone yet. Where things can go amiss with Adolf Bethke none of us is safe.

I hunt up the others and find them in front of Konersmann's bar. They have been celebrating Valentin's birthday and are just starting off for a walk to cool their heads a bit. Albert is there, too, and I join them.

WE STROLL down to the Station Square, which is immersed in the flickering gloom distributed by a few dim lamps. From the shrubbery in the neighboring park a damp wind is blowing. The tops of the trees creak. On one of the seats something light shows up indistinctly out of the darkness.

"A wench," says Tjaden, suddenly galvanized.

We peer across uncertainly. There is something curiously enticing about the dress faintly glowing there amid the darkness of the shrubbery, especially as nothing more of the woman is to be seen.

"Should we go over?" asks Jupp.

"It'll be a ladybird," explains Tjaden. "I'll tell you what: I'll present her to you for your birthday, Valentin."

He puts his uniform straight and marches off toward the seat. We follow him closely with our eyes. He stoops down close over the woman. "He doesn't waste any time," whispers Willy.

Then Tjaden straightens up again and comes back hastily alone. We make fun of him. But he beckons and calls out: "She does not move."

We follow him. Leaning back in the corner of the seat is a small figure in a

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Gone the taut feeling of wariness and watching. I walk free and upright and feel the richness of this moment

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Pot Luck

Do your potted plants take pot luck or have a balanced diet? You must think about baths, too, and drainage and summer vacations. Plants are just that fussy. But the way they blossom out in thanks, when you follow suggestions like those given below, is gratifying

By Florence Edwards Lemmon

FOR as long as I've known them the Parishes have been renowned for their house plants—especially their geraniums. On this subject the people in our town are divided. One half claims that Emily raises the mammoth reds, while the other (not necessarily the better half, either) insists that Henry has the magnetic "it" to which the flowers, like the ladies, respond. Since the matter has not been settled by a village referendum, I decided to ferret out the truth for myself.

Over the coffee cups we dawdled as the twilight crept down from the red-mapled hillsides and the dusk slipped up from the Silvermine River to the terrace where we sat. Lights in the house. Potted plants peering from the casements like naughty children sent to bed. At last my opportunity.

"Your house plants," I began, "are lovely. How *do* you do it?"

"I—" in soft tenor.

"I—" in brisk soprano.

Two pairs of eyes exchanged glances. Two voices spoke again, together. Then:

"Now, Henry, you know I take all the care of those plants."

"Why, Emily! All you do is to carry them indoors after I've raised them in the greenhouse."

Gray eyes snapped. "Henry Parish! What earthly difference does it make whether I use your plants or get them some place else? It's the care they get after they have been moved into the house that counts."

"Not at all, my dear; thrifty plants must be well born and strongly bred—like race horses."

It is ever thus with the Parishes. Emily, independent, demands full credit for her work. Henry, amused and teasing, insists upon recognition for his share of the fame of those geraniums.

Potted plants peered out like naughty children

"May I see them?" I asked.

We rose. Emily turned to her husband.

"I'll show them. I won't have you trespassing on my domains. Back to your greenhouse, Henry, and hurry along those cyclamen that I'll want next week."

Yes, many things I learned about the care of those plants from Emily. First, there is the question of the furnace. Necessary, of course, but how dry a furnace makes the atmosphere of the house! Plants prefer moist air. It gives them glowing health and fine complexions. The best antidote for this lack of moisture is a pan of water set near the register. It is astonishing, too, how rapidly the water evaporates. Every few days it seems that pan needs refilling.

Windows and doors opened night and morning during the winter help also to counteract the drying effects of the heating apparatus. If there are children in the home who dash in and out to look for scooters and skates, leaving doors wide open even in February, so much the better. This is a real boon, although most parents are apt to cry: "Shut that door behind you—why do you suppose we burn coal?"

But such thoughtless actions drive out the stale smell of Father's cigars and the heavy odors from the corned beef steaming on the kitchen stove. Creators of perfume themselves, plants are sensitive to strong smells. As long as the bitter winds do not blow directly on the tender things, all is well, for they enjoy these refreshing drafts of crisp air.

Protection from Frostbite

At night, of course, Emily sees to it that Henry stokes the furnace low, so that the rooms cool off. Grateful change to the potted plants from seventy degrees to the fifty or sixty degrees that allow peaceful slumber. If the plants are located near the windows—and they should be, for they love sunshine and light—they may need to be protected with a newspaper, for when Jack Frost is hovering outside in the moonlight, icy and still, he will nip any leaf within his reach.

If the cinerarias or ivies should fall victim to his playfulness, the Parishes team up to carry them at once to the cellar or storeroom where it is cool. After frostbite plants will grow limp if they remain in the warmth of our living quarters. Soak the nipped one well with water. Leave it in retirement for three or four days. The chances are it will recover. This *modus operandi* permits the frost to seep out gradually without breaking the delicate cells of the plant. If, in spite of this treatment, one branch is injured, operate—cut it off before it affects the otherwise normal plant.

"Plants must have sunshine," said Emily. "We put them in the windows where they'll receive plenty of encouragement"

"There is nowadays," remarked Emily, "so much talk of sun baths. And still, how often you find people trying to grow oxalis and abutilon in a dark corner of the hall. Wouldn't you think their common sense would tell them that plants must have sunshine? We put them near the windows where they'll receive some encouragement. If you must brighten up a dark corner, use straw flowers, but never a living plant."

"Watering?" I ventured.

"A bath once a week." Then she described how the plants are carried to the bathroom and immersed in a few inches of water in the tub. A spray is used on such fine foliage as the maidenhair and Boston ferns. A sponge wipes the dust from the broader leaves of the pandanus, making its stripes as white as the keys of a piano. Frequently the ivies need soap as well, for they are apt to get scaly. When the roots have absorbed all the water that they can hold, the plug is pulled in the tub and the plants are allowed to drain.

Besides this weekly bath they are usually given two good drinks a week. No rule for this, however, except the appearance of the soil. If it looks dry and faded, then water.

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It's just Life

Wherein Alicia the Bold, emulating that old King of France with the forty thousand men, bravely draws her sword—and puts it up again!

By Dana Burnet

ALICIA woke that morning with a sense of spiritual completeness that was thrilling. For the first time in months she felt sure of herself; she felt strong. To jump out of bed and go through her exercises was for once a joy. To stand naked before the pier glass in her bathroom and find her beauty a living fact was a kind of triumph. There was salvation in the pride she felt as she stood smiling at her loveliness.

She had fought a long battle with herself, and she had won. This day the victory was here. There was no doubt about it.

When Philip telephoned she would tell him, simply and lucidly, that she was through with him.

She had known from the beginning, in a queer, intuitive way, that her love for Philip would turn out to be a trial and a torture. She had seen her finish, so to speak, in his eyes; those easily delighted dark eyes of his that flashed when they looked at her. She had felt it in the eagerness, the charming impulsiveness of his first embrace. That embrace had occurred within twenty-four hours of their original meeting. . . . She had met him one night at a dance, and the next day she had gone to his apartment to have tea with him.

As she was leaving he took her in his arms and kissed her. Alicia was neither shocked nor surprised.

"We moderns fall in love first, and get acquainted as we can," he had said. "I think it's darned sensible of us."

Alicia had answered that at least it was exciting. And she had laughed and returned his kiss and left him with a promise to return soon. . . . The next day he telephoned, and Alicia abandoned the novel she was writing (it was her second novel), and went motoring with him to the country because it was such a fine day. He had just bought a roaring Italian roadster, and was as pleased as Punch with it, and so pleased with Alicia that she tossed her secret misgivings to the wind and recklessly welcomed her happiness. Philip was a wealthy young bachelor, attractive, spoiled, gayly intent upon having a good time, and finding that good time in the most superficial and materialistic adventures. But he was alive and vigorous; and his demands upon life had a certain charming, offhand authority. Alicia found it difficult to resist him.

LATER she found it impossible. But it was not till he acquired an influenza germ, and fell ill of a fever, that she actually loved him. And that was strange, because she never had believed in the theory that masculine weakness inspires feminine affection.

But Philip became a small boy with a hot forehead that needed cooling, and hers was the only hand (he said) that could adequately cool it. That there were other hands ready and willing to soothe his fevered brow Alicia knew very well. Her duties as nurse included answering the telephone, and four out of every five calls were in the soprano register. . . . But then Philip had never denied a multiplicity of affairs.

"I've been in love all my life," he told her one day during his convalescence. "If I hadn't been, I'd never have been able to appreciate you."

He believed it. And Alicia was so lost in love that she was content to believe in his belief, rather than in him.

Then, with surprising suddenness, he was well again, and up, and off to Virginia for two weeks of recuperative loafing. Alicia was rather stunned. But he telegraphed her, for the first week, twice a day.

The second week he wrote her one letter, cheerfully inconsequential; and that was all. The following Sunday she saw a photograph of him in the rotogravure section of the Times. Beside him, in the photograph, stood a very pretty girl, smiling up at him. The caption informed Alicia that the girl was Miss Helen Kingston, "a member of the younger social set. . . ."

Alicia recognized the name. It belonged to one of the soprano voices that had inquired over the telephone about Philip during his illness.

That was the beginning of the torture.

When he returned to New York he promptly called her and asked her to dine with him. She told herself she was a fool to judge him on sheer, silly suspicion, and accepted his invitation. She even rushed out and bought herself a new evening gown. Philip was delighted with the gown, with her, with himself and with life. Everything, apparently, was just the same between them. But in spite of her happiness, Alicia felt a subtle fear clutching at her heart.

SHE saw nothing more of him for a week. Then he telephoned saying he was lonely. He missed her so frightfully. Would she come and have tea with him at his apartment?

This time she knew precisely what sort of fool she was. But she went. She couldn't help it. She went—and was utterly miserable for days afterward.

So it continued for a month—for two—three months. Every morning, when she got up, she swore to herself that if he telephoned she'd refuse him; she'd

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Illustrated by Russell Patterson

She looked at that enigmatic instrument and smiled. "I just dare you to ring!" she said. The telephone rang

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The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Bernie Herrick, a wealthy Englishman, buys Star Ranch, in a wild section of Utah, he finds himself in a nest of gunmen and cattle thieves, whom he promptly hires, hoping thereby to insure himself against trouble. Whereupon, a group of his new employees—led by Hank Hays, his superintendent—plot to steal his cattle and depart for other scenes.

A young man, who gives his name as Jim Wall (which it is not), reaches the ranch, announces that he is a fugitive from justice, and is at once given a job by Hays, who believes him to be a crook. . . . Helen Herrick, Bernie's charming sister, comes to the ranch for a visit. Wall falls in love with her. Realizing, however, that he can never hope to win the heart of the cultured English girl, he decides to leave the ranch.

As he makes his decision, Hays' men—having stolen and disposed of all of Herrick's cattle—start their get-away. Jim accompanies them, only to learn, to his utter consternation, that Hays and Sparrowhawk Latimer, a scoundrelly aide, have kidnapped Helen Herrick, in order (so they say) to hold her for ransom!

A rival gang—led by Bill Heeseman, a desperado who had, likewise, planned to kidnap the girl—rides up and a thrilling battle follows. But Hays succeeds in leading the party to "Robbers' Roost," a secret retreat hidden deep in a maze of canyons. . . . Sparrowhawk, wounded during the fight, dies; but not until he has confessed that he and Hays had robbed both Helen and her brother; that Hays has no intention of *dividing the money or collecting a ransom*; that the leader wants Helen Herrick—for himself.

Wall tells the girl of his love, vows to watch over her and guard her against harm. And he resolves to kill Hays at the earliest opportunity. . . . Heeseman's bandits succeed in reaching the "Roost." A sanguinary battle ensues. When it ends—with the attackers withdrawing, temporarily—all the defenders are dead, except Wall and Hays; and the young man promptly fights a duel with the leader and kills him. . . . Heeseman's men may return at any moment. Helen and Wall must leave at once. Mounting their horses, they set out. On the second night they find themselves in a dangerous canyon. Rain is falling. Avalanches are crashing about them. The raging waters in the canyon-bed are rising. There is no going forward or backward. They are trapped!

Utterly exhausted, Helen goes to sleep in Wall's arms. And the storm, in all its wild fury, bursts about them.

Conclusion

THIS was the climax of the storm that had been gathering for days. Out upon the level desert it would have been serious for travelers; here in this gorge it was a maelstrom. Jim did not expect to live to hear it pass away. Yet he did. And then began the aftermath of a flood let loose upon such unstable earth. The waterfall gradually rose to a thundering, continuous crash. It dominated for a while, until the thousand streams from above poured over the rims to deaden all, to completely deafen Jim.

A sheet of water, sliding over the rock, hid the opaque blackness from Jim's eyes. Any moment now a flood would rise over the bank, and when it did Jim meant to climb higher with the girl, to front the hurtling rocks and slipping slides, and fight till the bitter end.

But many changes as the hours brought, that flood did not rise above the bank. Jim saw the sheet of water fall and the black space of gorge again. He heard the avalanches and the great single boulders come down, and the furious backlash of the torrent below, and the lessening roar of the waterfall. The time came to Jim, as if he dreamed, when all sounds changed, lessened, faded away, except the peculiar thrashing of the stream below. And he got to listening for that sound, which occurred only occasionally. For a while the sliding rush of heavy water swept on, suddenly to change into a furious splashing. At length Jim calculated it was a strong current laden with sand, which at times caused billows to rise and lash their twisting tips back upon themselves. Long he heard these slowly diminishing, gradually separating sounds.

The streams ceased flowing, the slides ceased slipping, the rocks ceased rolling and the waterfall failed from a thundering to a hollow roar and from that to a softening splash. Nature had audited so much for that storm, and still the mountainside appeared intact with its fugitive atoms of flesh and spirit.

Jim imagined he saw dim stars out in a void that seemed to change from black to gray. Was dawn at hand? Had they been spared? The gurgle of the stream

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Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

below merged into the distant, low rumble of the Dirty Devil. Jim rested there, staring out at the spectral forms on the opposite wall, thinking thoughts never before inhabitants of his confused brain.

But the sky was graying, the gorge taking shape in the gloom, and this place which had heard a concatenated din of hideous sounds was silent as a grave.

At last Jim had to accept a marvelous phenomenon—dawn was at hand. Gently he slipped Helen into the hollow of the saddle. She was still asleep. His cramped limbs buckled under him and excruciating pains shot through his bones and muscles.

In the gray light objects were discernible. He could not see to the head of the gorge, where the waterfall had plunged out from the wall. But silence meant that it had been surface water, a product of the storm, and it was gone. Beneath the bank ran a channel of fine-ribbed sand where not even a puddle showed. On the bank the horses stood patiently, except Bay, and he was nosing around for a blade of grass that did not exist on the sodden earth. The great slope appeared the same and yet not the same. A mute acceptance of ultimate destruction hovered over it.

Sunrise found Jim Wall topping a rise of rocky ground miles beyond the scene of his night vigil. Again he followed his sure-footed lead pack horse.

The sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, and at the moment it crowned with gold the top of the purple butte Jim had seen twice before. It appeared close now, rearing a corrugated peak above yellow and brown hills. Jim was carrying Helen in front of him. Conscious, but too spent to speak or move, she lay back on his arm and watched him.

THERE had been a trail along here once, as was proved by a depressed line on the gravelly earth. When Jim surmounted this barren divide he suddenly was confronted by an amazing and marvelous spectacle.

"Blue Valley!" he ejaculated.

Below him opened a narrow, winding valley, green as emerald with its cottonwoods and willows. Only in the distance did it shine blue under the hot sun. Through it the Dirty Devil wound a meandering course, yellow as a bright ribbon. It was bank-full in swirling flood. And from where it left the valley, which point Jim could not see, a dull chafing of waters came to his ears.

"Blue Valley! . . . Helen, we're out of the brakes! . . . Safe! Mormons live here."

She heard him, for she smiled up into his face, glad for his sake, but in her exhaustion beyond caring for her own.

There was no sign of habitations, nor any smoke. But Jim knew this was Blue Valley. It was long, perhaps fifteen miles, and probably the farms were located at the head, where irrigation had been possible. How could even Mormon pioneers utilize that ferocious river?

The startling beauty of this lost valley struck Jim next. It resembled a winding jewel of emerald and amethyst, set down amid barren hills of jasper and porphyry, and variegated mosaics of foothills waving away on the left, and golden racks of carved rocks, and mounds of brown clay and dunes of rusty earth. All these were stark naked, characterized by thousands of little eroded lines from top to bottom. The purple butte to the west dominated this scene, so magnificent in its isolation and its strange conformation that it dwarfed a yellow mesa looming beyond the valley.

Jim followed the lead pack horse down into gumbo mud. The floor of the valley supported a mass of foliage besides the stately cottonwoods. Sunflowers burned a riot of gold against the green. Willows and arrow weed and grass and star-eyed daisies sprang in luxuriant profusion out of the soil. And at every step a horse hoof sank deep, to come forth with a huge cake of mud.

At midday Jim passed deserted cabins, some on one side of the river, some on the other. They did not appear so old, yet they were not new. Had Blue Valley been abandoned? Jim was convinced it could not be so. But when he espied a deserted church, with vacant, eye-like windows, then his heart sank; Helen must have rest, care, food. He was at the end of his resources.

Jim's last hope fled. He was still far from the head of the valley, but apparently he had left the zone of habitation behind

An hour later he toiled past a shack built of logs and stones, and adjoining a dugout, set into the hill. People had lived there once, but long ago. Old boots and children's shoes lying about, the remains of a wagon, a dismantled shovel and a sewing machine gave melancholy attestation to the fact that a family had abided there.

Jim's last hope fled. He was still far from the head of the valley but apparently he had left the zone of habitation behind.

THE afternoon waned. The horses plodded on, slower and slower, wearing to exhaustion. Helen was a dead weight. Despair had seized upon him when he turned a yellow corner between the slope and the cottonwoods, to be confronted by a wide pasture at the end of which a log cabin nestled among cottonwoods. A column of blue smoke rose lazily against the foliage. And behind this transfiguring sight loomed the purple butte, commanding in its lofty height, somehow vastly more to Jim than a landmark.

The horses labored out of the mud to higher ground. Jim rode up to the cabin. Never in all his life had he been so glad to smell smoke, to see a garden, to hear a dog bark. His ever-quick eye

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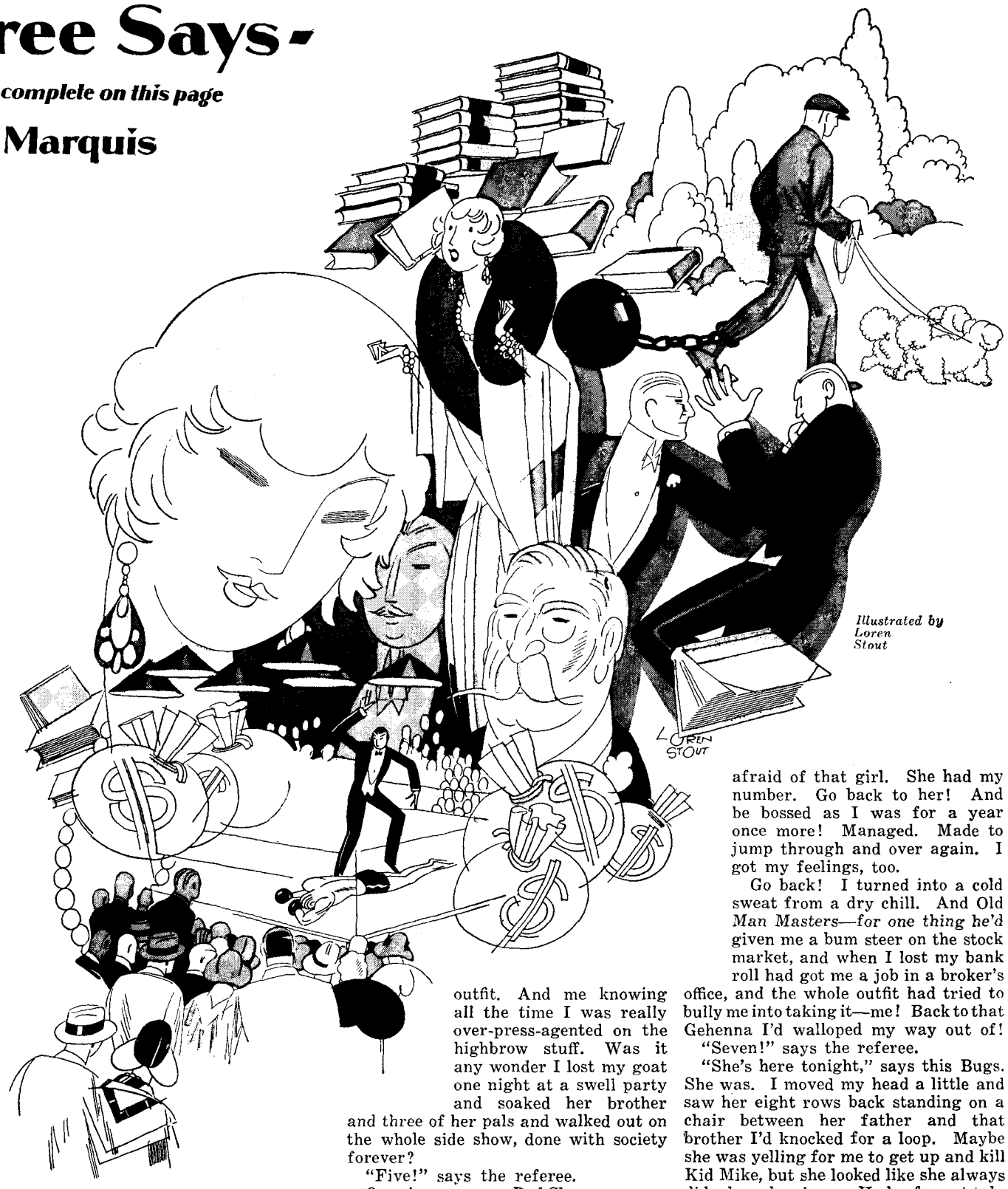
The Referee Says-

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Don Marquis



Illustrated by Loren Stout

ONE!" says the referee, a second after my shoulders hit the floor.

And, believe me or not, the instant he said it I could have been on my feet again and lacing into Kid Mike Jackson. I wasn't hurt. It wasn't a knockdown. It might have looked like it to the crowd, but there was an elbow between the old solar plexus and Kid Mike's wallop. What he had done was to catch me off my balance; my feet tangled and I fell.

"Jack's hurt bad," I heard Bugs Baker say.

"Always wrong," I says to myself. This Bugs was the wrongest sports writer in New York; not a bad guy, only cuckoo, and thought it a great laughing point that I was always a gentleman. My head was under the ropes at the edge of the ring right above the press table where the reporters sat getting things wrong. I could hear this Bugs Baker's squeally voice piping misinformation to one of his newspaper pals, not three feet from my head.

"Two!" says the referee.

"Fair enough," I says to myself, "I'll lie here and get me a nice little rest, and when he says 'Nine' Kid Mike is going to think a volcano jumped up and erupted on him."

I took a good long breath all the way from the back of my nose to my ankles, and felt contented. It was about half a minute before the end of the seventh. We'd been going fast. Kid Mike was staring at me from a neutral corner with his mouth open and gasping like an orphan catfish that's lost its mud puddle. He'd nearly fought himself out against my defense. I could see his ribs heave, and almost hear him breathe; and if that gorilla knew any prayers he was making them then that I wouldn't get up. I could take him any minute now. I thought I'd stagger to my feet pretty soon, and act goofy, giving the fans a little theater for their money, and then when he came in to finish me he'd connect with a couple of pineapple bombs.

It tickled me to come back and cinch the welterweight title that way—I'd had it once; Kid Mike had it now; in a couple of minutes I'd have it again. I'd never been a popular fighter. I had a press agent once that made me read too many books, overworked the highbrow stuff on me, played the gentleman racket so stiff it got me joshed.

"Three!" says the referee.

"You see," squeals this Bugs Baker, not more than a conceded putt distant from my ears, "this fight means everything to poor Jack there! If he loses, that settles his hash with his wife!"

"Yeah," I thinks, "you know a lot about that, Mr. Bugs Baker." It was all I could do to keep from lifting my head and giving him the razz.

"How's that, Bugs?" pipes this bird he's talking to. "I thought she made him quit the ring."

"Yeah," says Bugs, "and left him when he come back to it. But now—" The crowd was yelling, so I lost his next words.

"Four!" says the referee. And I hear the man at the mike passing out hooey to the radio customers about how placid and quiet poor Jack is on the canvas.

"Jack couldn't really make the grade with the gentleman stuff after he married Old Man Masters' daughter," says Bugs Baker. "Four-flusher with that stuff . . . four-flusher with the book stuff, too . . . got to be a bad joke with the Masters crowd, especially after he gave that dumb lecture on Homer at Harvard."

I'D HAVE walloped Bugs right there if the circumstances had been different—there were no flies on that Harvard lecture; I had it lined out by the flossiest press agent in New York for me, and a Rhythm Teacher with Greek duds on drilled me in the gestures. But what he spilled about the Masters crowd had some truth in it.

The fact was, I *had* sort of overmarried myself. I could get away with the clothes in the Masters crowd, O. K., and got hep to the right fork quick enough—but the life I led! Oh, that continuous applesauce! Dorothea, my wife, bullying me to quit the ring. Really ashamed, after the first excitement of marrying a champ, that I was a boxer. Old Man Masters detesting me. Patronizing me. Her brothers and mother the same. Humiliating me. The friendly treatment like I was a nice trained seal. The underhanded kidding of the whole outfit. And me knowing all the time I was really over-press-agented on the highbrow stuff. Was it any wonder I lost my goat one night at a swell party and soaked her brother and three of her pals and walked out on the whole side show, done with society forever?

"Five!" says the referee.

Over in my corner Red Clancy, my second, was pretty nervous and I tried to wink at him but he didn't get it.

"But things have taken a turn," squeals this Bugs Baker to his friend. "I interviewed her today. Well, women are the queerest outfit! Believe it or not, but she wants him back now—is going to take him back if he wins this fight. Oh, kid, the story I got out of that girl! It makes this fight front-page stuff!"

I turned as chill inside as if Kid Mike had really landed the wallop him and everybody but me thought he had. For the first time I got a real slant on Dorothea's psychology, as the sports writers put it—she liked me being a champ even when she hated me being a boxer. And she'd try to kidnap me again when I got the title back. Cripes! I'd have to go back and be a freak lion again in that den of culture and hooey!

"Six!" says the referee.

Listen, I don't want to knock anybody, especially a woman, especially the girl I married—BUT! She was born to be an iron hand under a velvet glove, O. K. She'd never had anything in her life but her own way. If she said she'd get me back, she'd do it, too. I never been afraid of many men, but I was afraid of that girl. She had my number. Go back to her! And be bossed as I was for a year once more! Managed. Made to jump through and over again. I got my feelings, too.

Go back! I turned into a cold sweat from a dry chill. And Old *Man Masters—for one thing he'd* given me a bum steer on the stock market, and when I lost my bank roll had got me a job in a broker's office, and the whole outfit had tried to bully me into taking it—me! Back to that Gehenna I'd walloped my way out of!

"Seven!" says the referee.

"She's here tonight," says this Bugs. She was. I moved my head a little and saw her eight rows back standing on a chair between her father and that brother I'd knocked for a loop. Maybe she was yelling for me to get up and kill Kid Mike, but she looked like she always did when she give me Hades for not taking the dogs out to walk at regular hours. The referee says: "Eight!"

"OLD Man Masters has got a hundred thousand on this fight," says Bugs.

Yeah? Huh! Must have had another straight tip, thinks I, like the one he give me on the stock market, the old coot! I squinted at Dorothea again, and turned sicker—she'd do it, if she'd set her mind to it! I knew that girl! I felt iron bands tightening on my arms and legs. And then the thought come to me how fine it was I was my own manager now, and had got a fifty-fifty split on the purse and fifty-fifty on the gate with Kid Mike, win, lose or draw.

"Baker," I says, out of a corner of my mouth, "is this stuff you been spilling on the level?" He was startled; but he gasped, within a foot of my head: "Yes, Jack; it's straight." And then: "Are you hurt badly?"

"Nine!" says the referee.

"Can't move hand nor foot, Bugs," I says. "Partial paralysis."

I thinks just for once I'll fool that forty-will-power dame!

"Ten!" says the referee.

"Out!" yells the crowd.

"Yes, and how!" says I to myself.

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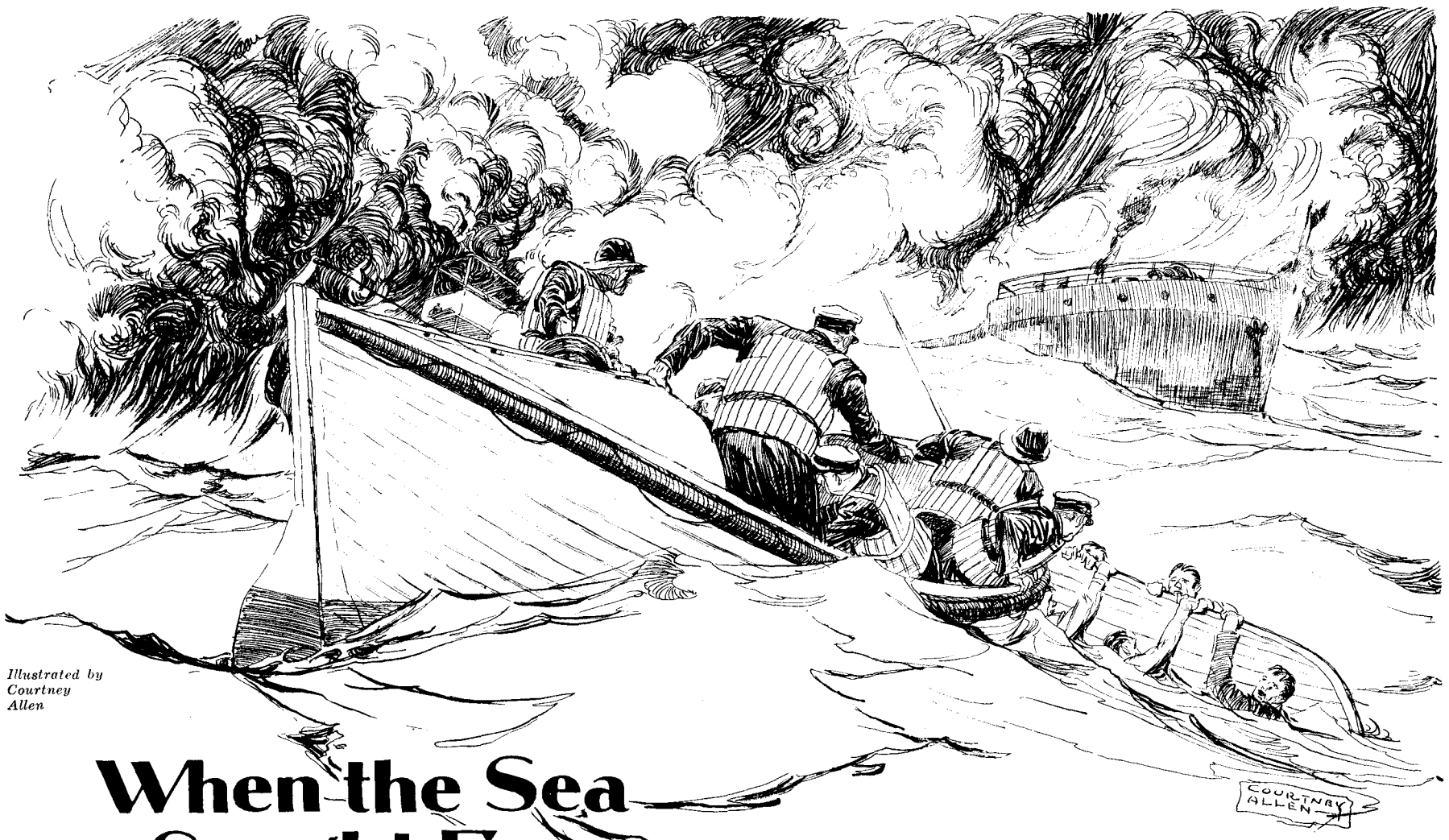

There had been sixteen men clinging to that upturned boat, but, one by one, ten had given up and gone down into the sea

Illustrated by Courtney Allen

When the Sea Caught Fire

Here is a tale of heroism, a tale of a sea of fire and of six coast guard men who rode into it in an open boat. An airplane roared above, a German U-boat skirted its edge, but Captain Midgett and his men were simply acting in the line of duty—they were just going about the business of saving lives

By W. O. Saunders

YOU have heard it said of a man that he would go through a sea of fire for so and so, or for this or that. A pretty figure of speech! But no one thrills to a hackneyed figure of speech. Whoever heard of a sea of fire? And where is there a man of perishable flesh and blood who could go through it?

But of just such a sea and just such a man I have to tell. There were six men, indeed, who sailed into the crimson jaws of hell and they are still very much alive. From the colorless records of the U. S. Coast Guard, from the lips of the men themselves and from many an eyewitness I have pieced together this story of the sea.

Everybody in the U. S. Coast Guard service on our Atlantic seaboard was getting a bad case of nerves late in the summer of 1918. Men lolling around in lonely stations in remote places along the coast have much time to meditate and speculate. German U-boats had been operating off the coast from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras since the spring of that year.

The government telephone line up and down the coast was buzzing day and night with tales and rumors of German submarines. A steamer was shelled and sunk off Nags Head, just twenty-five miles to the north of Chicamacomico, where Captain John Allen Midgett and his crew waited for something to happen. A number of schooners were shelled. There were wild tales of a German submarine taking the crew off one vessel that it had torpedoed, taking them on the deck of the submarine, and then submerging with the men on its deck, carrying them down to watery graves with its suction. That this was propaganda did not occur to the honest, literal-minded coast guard station men.

And it was true that hardly a night passed that they didn't hear cannonading offshore. On August 6th a German submarine shelled a Dutch ship flying an American flag off Cape Hatteras. The Dutchman was sunk, the crew escaping in lifeboats. The same day a German submarine shelled and sunk the Diamond Shoals lightship fifteen miles off Cape Hatteras and drove two steamers into the shore with shell fire. The war was getting close to the men of Chicamacomico.

When, on August 16th, heavy explosions were heard off Chicamacomico and the man on watch in the lookout tower reported a tanker about seven miles east-by-south of the station, everybody knew that a German submarine was after that tanker. Sure enough, it wasn't many minutes before flames were leaping from the ship. She was seen to change her course and head for the beach. A few minutes later another torpedo from the submarine fouled the steering gear of the ship, leaving her to drift helplessly. By this time she was ablaze fore and aft.

Captain John Allen Midgett, born in the coast guard service

The Coast Guard Creed

Captain Midgett saw no submarine, but he knew that it could be nothing else; he had been expecting it for days. His first move was to telephone the commandant at the Norfolk naval base. He reported what had happened and the commandant promptly dispatched a squadron of bombing planes and a fleet of destroyers to the scene. It is a hundred miles from Norfolk to Chicamacomico. Six planes were sent out; only one of the six arrived. Such was the state of our air service at home in 1918.

When Captain Midgett left the telephone, oil spouting from shell holes in the tanks of the burning ship had already covered thousands of acres of sea and obscured the ship. In that sea of fire were precious human lives.

For your coast guardsman born in the service there is only one thing to do in a moment of peril.

Jack Midgett was born in the service. His father and grandfather before him were keepers of coast guard stations back in those days when the coast guard bore the better name of U. S. Life Saving Service. Captain Jack had assisted at the wreck of the British steamer Strathairly off Chicamacomico when he was a lad of thirteen. From four o'clock of a winter morning, in 1891, until near sundown he had seen life-saving crews helpless in the face of a surf in which no lifeboat could live. He had seen life line after life line, shot to the stranded ship, snapped by terrific currents. At last when the ship broke in two and went to pieces on the bar and her crew of twenty-six jumped into the sea, only seventeen came ashore and ten of those were frozen dead in their life jackets. The boy Jack Midgett helped make a single grave for the ten in the sand close by the station. The heart of the boy was torn with pity and anguish.

"If I were a grown-up man," he said, "I'd have tried to put a lifeboat through that surf anyway. I wouldn't

(*Continued on page 47*)

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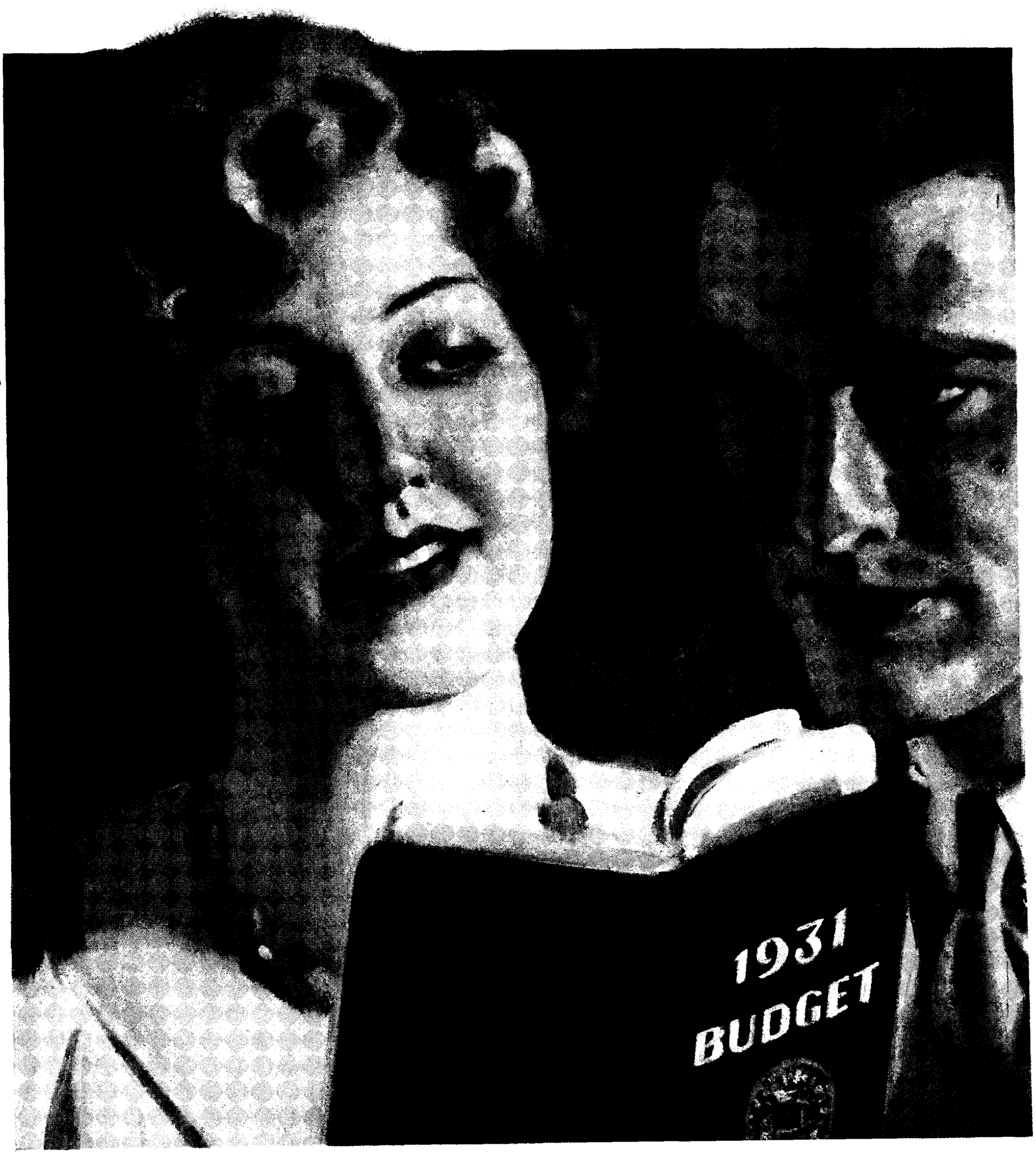

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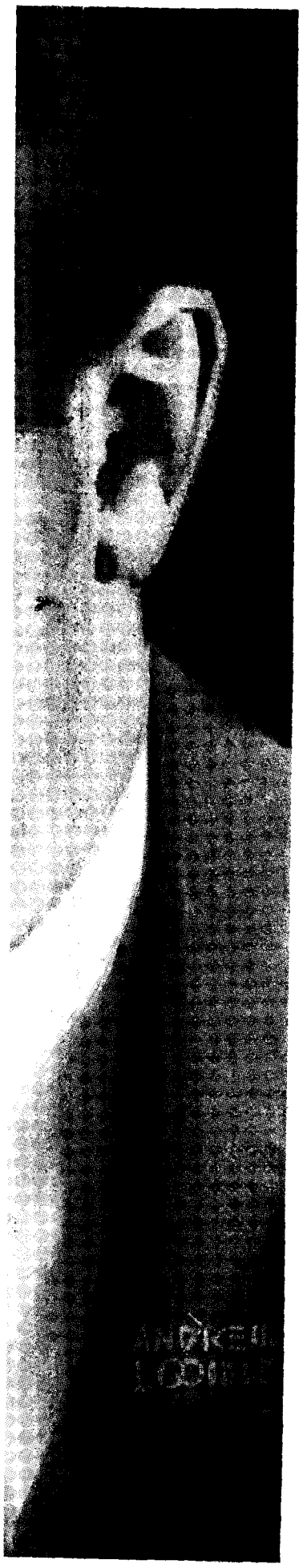
your 1931 budget



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...u had," said the
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...y little," said Stardrave,
...it is to hurt all over."
...said the boy. "The opera-
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...n I had was my dog. But
..."

...ght irregularity of breath, the
...upward look instantly veiled
...o say that here was something
... couldn't talk about.
...n you hurt all over in another
... Stardrave said.
... felt a sudden unacquainted stir-
... in him toward the boy, who now,
...ever, glanced up and observed:
'You must look—different—in a
...ghtcap."

"Naturally," said Stardrave curtly. "Where on earth is your mother?"

In a moment Mrs. Heathered was there, quite as if she had timed it. Stardrave hardly looked at her. He had a habit, now, of hardly looking at anybody, since he saw one so dimly, at best. He had an impression that she was small, with cropped gray hair, and that she wore glasses.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Stardrave," she said, "I'll fit you."

Stardrave sat very still and Mrs. Heathered put the absurd thing on his head.

"Could you—could you tell me something about your dog?" he heard himself asking.

"Neddo?" said the boy. "Oh, Neddo! He was *my* dog. I found him when he wasn't anybody's. He could tell me 'way down the street. He used to look up at me so awful nice. Even when the car had hit him. . . ."

Sitting there with the white silk contraption on his head, Stardrave felt again that deep drawing toward the boy. And abruptly he heard himself saying:

"How would you like to come down with me, now, to the dog store and pick out another dog?"

"Honest? A dog—for me?" Jeffrey wore another face. "For Christmas!" he shouted.

Now Stardrave shouted as loudly as he: "No! Not for Christmas. Just dog. Plain dog. For any day."

Jeffrey drew his breath deeply. "A dog!" he said, with such an air of heaven that Stardrave smiled his sour, tortured smile. Then, as Mrs. Heathered slipped the nightcap from his head—

"Come!" he cried.

The boy stumped toward him. "I can't do stairs," he said. "The taxi man . . ."

For a moment Stardrave hesitated, thinking of Anton, waiting below at the wheel. Then he said, stooping:

"I guess we can manage. Slip your arm round my neck—so. Now, then!"

To Ronnie, in the hall below, and to the butler, waiting with Stardrave's hat and coat, there appeared on the curve of the stair Stardrave's great figure, and he was looking down at the boy in his arms.

"Come on, Ronnie!" he called. "You can do your own fool Christmas shopping. But Jeff and I are going to buy a dog!"

Holly at the Window

Continued from page 17

THE shop windows, hung with Christmas color, were nothing to Jeffrey. Nor was the comfort of the car. Toward a Santa Claus standing in a doorway he gave not more than a casual glance.

"I didn't know there was a store where they kept dogs," he said. Then he lifted a small, troubled face to Stardrave.

"Steve says that he doesn't want a dog because it would die. Then he says he'd hate every other dog. Do you think he would do that—hate every other dog?"

"I dare say," said Stardrave. "Who is Steve?"

"Oh, he lives across the hall," said Jeffrey. "He runs an elevator down town. Of course he doesn't have much time to have a dog. And when he's home his mother's lame and there isn't anybody else of them. I guess Steve just says that because he can't have a dog anyway. He's my chum," he added, "when he gets time. He's fourteen. One of his front teeth is broken off and I think it's because his mother wants him to spend the money on a new one that he talks so bitter. He wants to put it in the bank."

"My word," said Stardrave.

"We've got eight children in the building," Jeffrey said. "Four of them go to school. Three work. And me. Nippy's the nicest. He spares out a nickel for a sucker for me sometimes. And I do his 'rithmetic. I can do 'rithmetic." He looked up. "I'd like to teach 'rithmetic some day, if it wasn't for the brace."

Over the boy's head Stardrave met Ronnie's eyes.

"I expect you're all going to have a wonderful time tomorrow," said Ronnie.

"Some of them are," said Jeffrey. "Steve's mother bought a chicken. Nippy's going to sing carols tonight and they'll get asked in. Mother and I *were* going to pretend—pretend, you know, that it isn't Christmas at all. Pretend summer or spring. But now I've got my dog for a present and it *can* be Christmas, all day. Mother'll like him, too. He'll be Christmas for us both."

"This is not in any sense . . ." Stardrave began; but then he stopped. Perhaps because they had reached the dog store.

Into that yelping and mewing and squawking interior Stardrave led Jeffrey. Without the hesitation of a moment Jeffrey walked to a kennel where a little Irish setter sat looking up at every passer, his nose thrust between bars.

"Here he is," Jeffrey cried joyously, "and he knows me!"

There was no question of the selection of any other dog. There he was. Stardrave paid the measurable price, and the setter was received into Jeffrey's arms. Instantly there rose from the back of that cage a forlorn and desperate yapping, and another nose was thrust through the bars.

"See here," said Stardrave, "how would you like to take the other one to Steve?"

The boy's face turned white.

"For Steve?" he said low, with three breaths to the words. "For Christmas?"

And Stardrave snapped:

"Do you think the dogs know it's Christmas?"

An Irish setter wriggling in each arm and trying to lick his face, Jeffrey cried:

"Sure they do! Isn't it Christmas for them to have a home?"

RONNIE, in the car, was overwhelmed by the stormy arrival of the boy, the two dogs and Stardrave, who himself entered briskly to keep the dogs from careering out again.

"*Two* dogs!" said Ronnie without too much expression.

"For me and for Steve—for Christmas!" Jeffrey shouted.

"Nothing . . ." Stardrave began loudly, but Ronnie looked at him over the boy's head and said severely:

"Now what *is* the use . . ." and then added: "You'll have to see about the licenses, Uncle Anthony. And aren't you going to get them some collars for the numbers and their names? . . ."

"Collars," said Jeffrey, low, "*collars!*"

At his tone Ronnie smiled and Stardrave, meeting her eyes, frowned in a fashion which did not deceive her.

"Oh, my gosh," said Jeffrey. "I don't feel my brace *near* as much as I do the dogs. Isn't that funny?"

WITH the licenses applied for, and the collars ordered and waiting for the names, the car sped to Stardrave's house—that grim house, without holly, without scarlet bells, with windows rising like gleaming shields among gray stones. There was light in the windows of Jessie's room—Stardrave saw it as he left the car. He was about to lift the boy as he had lifted him before. But the dogs were leaping round him, darting before him, plunging at him; and abruptly Jeffrey had swayed and slipped and lay in the snow, the leg with its brace twisted under him. For an instant his white face lay upturned in the snow, as tortured as Stardrave's own, bending above him. Then his eyes closed, and when Stardrave lifted him, Jeffrey's head fell back upon his arm.

"Good God," said Stardrave, "we've killed him. Those devilish dogs . . ."

He carried Jeffrey to the house. The butler came running and, with Anton, retrieved the dogs. Ronnie ran up the stairs, herself quickly calmed by the calm power of Mrs. Heathered. Together they made ready the bed in Jessie's room and laid the boy there, while Stardrave, in his dressing-room across the hall, roared into the telephone:

"The doctor—quick! What? Any one of you! Haven't you got a doctor in your town?"

Sometime before the doctor came Jeffrey opened his eyes. His face twisted with pain.

"My dog got away," he cried, struggling up. "My leg's all right. Where's my dog? And Steve's dog?"

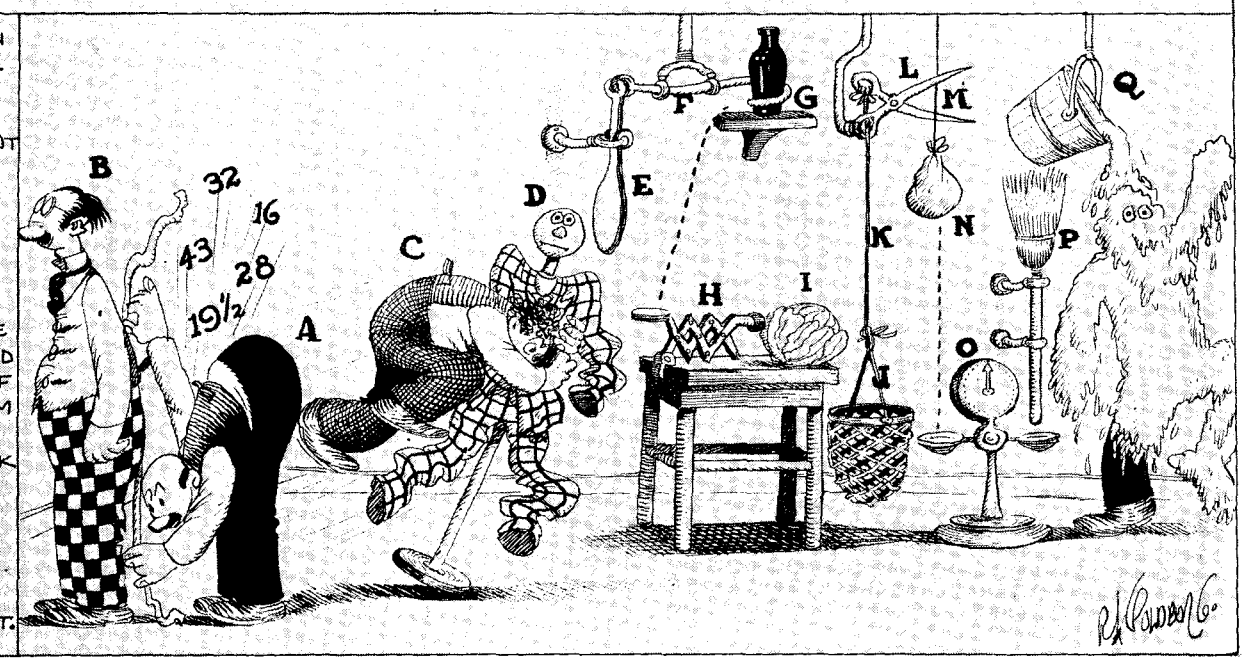
It was Stardrave who reassured him, bending over him, actually trying to cherish him with his hands. The dogs were being fed in the basement.

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS MISTAKES A LOT OF BROKEN GLASS FOR BATH SALTS AND WHEN THEY PULL HIM OUT OF THE TUB HE MUMBLES AN IDEA FOR DODGING BILL COLLECTORS.
AS TAILOR (A) FITS CUSTOMER (B) AND CALLS OUT MEASUREMENTS, COLLEGE BOY (C) MISTAKES THEM FOR FOOTBALL SIGNALS AND MAKES A FLYING TACKLE AT CLOTHING DUMMY (D). DUMMY BUMPS HEAD AGAINST PADDLE (E) CAUSING IT TO PULL HOOK (F) AND THROW BOTTLE (G) ON END OF FOLDING HATRACK (H) WHICH SPREADS AND PUSHES HEAD OF CABBAGE (I) INTO NET (J). WEIGHT OF CABBAGE PULLS CORD (K) CAUSING SHEARS (L) TO CUT STRING (M). BAG OF SAND (N) DROPS ON SCALE (O) AND PUSHES BROOM (P) AGAINST PAIL OF WHITEWASH (Q) WHICH UPSETS ALL OVER YOU CAUSING YOU TO LOOK LIKE A MARBLE STATUE AND MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BE RECOGNIZED BY BILL COLLECTORS.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT POSING AS ANY PARTICULAR HISTORICAL STATUE BECAUSE BILL COLLECTORS DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART.



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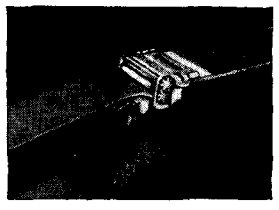

The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

Holly at the Window

Continued from page 28

"Mother," Jeffrey said, "we've got a dog. And Steve has got a dog. They're from Mr. Stardrave—Christmas presents. . . ."

But this Stardrave didn't even hear. He was explaining to the doctor, and asking him more than anyone knew. "My fault," he kept saying. "My fool fault," and walked the hall during the examination. When the doctor had finished, he commanded that Jeffrey should not be moved for twenty-four hours.

"That is impossible," Mrs. Heathered said. "Tomorrow is Christmas—we cannot be in this—in a strange house. . . ."

Anthony Stardrave did not even glance toward her.

"Christmas," he said, "is the same as any other day in this house, madam."

From the bed came Jeffrey's voice:

"He means every day is Christmas here, Mum."

Stardrave went hurrying into the hall, a new look in his face, as if he were planning. Ronnie went running beside him.

"Uncle Anthony," she said, "not only Steve—but those other boys. Why not? Why couldn't they all come here tonight? Only we must have something for the others. . . ."

Stardrave stood in the dim light of the upper passage. Through the open door of his dressing-room he could see his trunks, packed for Cambodia and Indo-China and Java.

"Go as far as you like," he said, "I'll be out of it all directly."

AT EIGHT o'clock Jeffrey lay pillowed up, with Neddo II frisking about the bed. Over in a corner Mrs. Heathered sat, her hand shading her eyes, looking about the room, at the great canopied bed, the fire on the hearth, the deep chair drawn before it.

Stardrave tapped and entered, without seeing her.

"Ronnie asked me to tell you she's got a surprise for you," he said to Jeffrey.

"I wish," Jeffrey said shyly, "I had a surprise for you. You're so good to everybody else."

"I?" said Stardrave. "My word, what a quaint idea."

He went to a window and parted the curtains. The street was white and glistening and the stars glittered. It was as if the silence out there communicated itself to the room.

Jeffrey began to chant:

"'Twas the night before Christmas
when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings all hung by the chimney with care. . . .

"I wish I had something to put in your stocking tonight," said Jeffrey.

"My dear boy," Stardrave began firmly, "Christmas, as such, ceased to exist for me many years ago."

It was out at last. Jeffrey looked at him in astonishment.

"That's funny," he said, "when it goes on for everybody else. How *could* you stop it?"

Mrs. Heathered interposed quickly. "Mr. Stardrave makes Christmas for other people," she said, "but he doesn't bother with his own."

"All the same, I wish I could make you a Christmas," Jeffrey persisted, "like the one you made for Mother and me . . . and little old Neddo here. . . ."

Already the dog knew his name, and rose and stretched and came toward the bed. At once Jeffrey forgot that anyone else was in the room. Stardrave stood looking at the eternal play of a boy and his dog. Steve's dog came and looked on, wagging.

From her corner Mrs. Heathered spoke hesitatingly:

"May I ask, Mr. Stardrave—did something spoil Christmas for you—or is it a—a principle to dislike the day?"

In her corner he could barely discern her, and was aware only of her voice.

"Both," he replied only.

"I can understand. Something happened to spoil Christmas for me once, too," Mrs. Heathered's voice went on. "But I've had to forget that—for Jeffrey."

FOR a few moments there was silence. Then Jeffrey spoke.

"Mr. Stardrave," he said, "I wish you knew my dad. He's something like you. He wants everybody to have what they want. . . ."

"That's an extraordinary idea of me," said Stardrave gruffly. "Your father is away?"

In Jeffrey's face had come a look surpassing that which he lavished on the dog. "My dad," he said, "he's out West—working. He can't afford to get home for Christmas. My dad—he's the best ever and ever."

Stardrave stared at the boy. "What," he wondered, "must a man be like to bring that tone into his son's voice? He must be a man all through."

There was a tap at the door, and it opened and Ronnie stood there. She was pushing forward a reluctant and bashfully smiling boy with cropped hair and a broken and evident tooth, a boy, who, when he saw Jeffrey, forgot his shyness, and shouted:

"Jeff! Oh, I say. Whose dog?"

"Mine!" shouted Jeffrey, very loud. "Mine! But, Steve, old fellow, this one's yours!"

The quiet of the transfixed settled on the boy. Arrested in motion, in breath, he stared at the dog, who as yet was unaware of him. Steve said, "N-not mine?" and looked at all these faces from his daze. When he understood, and went down on one knee before the dog, and touched him, there was again in the room the release of something potent, like a tried devotion, an immemorial passion, as deep as that of human beings for one another: Man for his dog.

Stardrave looked on, amazed, somewhat shaken. These boys were taking this thing with amazing seriousness. So was Mrs. Heathered in her corner. So was Ronnie, from the doorway.

"The doctor says," said Ronnie, "that we can take Jeffrey downstairs, if he is carried very carefully, by someone who understands."

"I'll carry him down," said Stardrave. "You manage Steve here, and the pups. Come, Mrs. Heathered," he threw over his shoulder.

Down the stairway, the dogs barking, Steve and Jeffrey whispering, Ronnie running ahead of the huge figure of Stardrave with Jeffrey in his arms, and Mrs. Heathered following, the procession marched to the library door, and Stardrave entered to lay Jeffrey on the davenport. Instead, he stood still with Jeffrey in his arms.

In the library, where for eighteen years no tree had stood, a great spruce towered to the ceiling, freighted with lights and color and objects that shone. On the floor were piled parcels wrapped in colored papers. And standing rapt before the tree were six youngsters, in that trance of the spirit induced only by its deepest dream of beauty.

"Oh, *Christmas!*" said Jeffrey—not as the name of a holiday but as an expression of pure emotion.

The children turned, and seeing Jeffrey and Steve and Stardrave, they shouted:

"Merry Christmas!"

Jeffrey cried out, at his loudest:

"Oh, and, fellows, I've got a dog—and Steve's got a dog—and you can all take mine out for his walks. And Mr. Stardrave is a regular fellow. Let's leave him into the gang!"

Then Ronnie vanished.

WHEN, half an hour later, she returned she found Stardrave in the midst of the eight "fellows" all showing him the operation of their mechanical toys, and it came to her that Stardrave didn't regard this as Christmas. Instead, this hour evidently seemed to him merely like sharing with the fellows who had taken him in.

"He never knew what Christmas

Bootlegger's Son: "Can you tell which is the real thing, Father?"

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really was. . . ." Ronnie thought, astonished.

She stood for a moment by Mrs. Heathered, sitting by the fire with roses of Ronnie's choosing—her face buried in the roses as she watched. She was standing by Mrs. Heathered when the butler appeared at the library threshold, ushering in a strange man. The entire order of things being upset tonight, the butler seemed to be accepting one more amazing guest. This man who was thin and somewhat stooped, but who had a face fine and sensitive and kind, advanced uncertainly until Jeffrey, from his davenport, shouted:

"Daddy! You said you couldn't get here!"

"Well, son! I did get here!" the stranger cried, and stooped to him, and turned and took Mrs. Heathered in his arms. An instant later he was wringing Stardrave's hand.

"Mr. Stardrave, sir," he said, "I can't tell you . . . When they told me at the house where these folks were, I couldn't believe . . ."

Stardrave stared at him.

"Believe what?" he said, blankly.

NOW Mrs. Heathered had come close beside Stardrave and she had thrown back her head and faced him. And for the first time Stardrave really looked at her, close at hand, and for the first time saw her face.

"I'm sorry," she was saying. "We'll go now. I never intended this. But when it happened this way, I couldn't resist it, for Jeffrey's sake . . . Father."

"Jessie. . . ." said Stardrave only. And again. "Jessie. . . ."

"I'm sorry too, sir," said Jessie's husband, "I thought—I wouldn't for the world. . . ."

"Good Lord," said Stardrave. "Good Lord. . . ." And then he shouted: "Jeffrey my grandson? *Mine?*"

Jeffrey was sitting up, very straight, very white, Neddo held close in his arms.

"Have I got a grandfather?" he said, very low. "Oh, truly! Oh, Mr. Stardrave. . . . I'm so glad he's you. Aren't you—aren't you, Mr. Stardrave?"

For a moment Stardrave stood silent. All the children divined some strangeness and were withdrawn and still. The great tree blazed like a presence. Stardrave looked deep into the face of the stranger, down to its gentleness, its patience in a losing struggle to make good; and he looked deep into the face of his daughter. Last, he looked down at Jeffrey and his dog. And into his own tortured face, held so long in its crucifixion, came the fleet look of the man he was within—as if that one within, who had walked so long wailing, had appeared at his own windows and were looking out.

"Yes, Jeffrey," he said, "yes, Jessie. Yes, son—I am glad."

Jeffrey set up a shout and the children joined in, for the mere joy of the shouting. And when Ronnie could make herself heard she said: "Cake and ice cream in the dining-room!"

But just then the butler was at the door announcing something in his even voice:

"They're here for your trunks, sir," he said to Stardrave.

Stardrave stared.

"Trunks?" he said. "My trunks?" Then he laughed. "Thunder," he said. "I'm not going. Cambodia and Indo-China. It isn't there. It's here!"

In the pantry Jan and Marfa looked at each other and said: "Mr. Stardrave—he's laughing! Since we've been here he ain't never laughed like that."

Until late that night the Stardrave house blazed on the avenue, lights and holly gleaming at every window, and holly on the door.

It's just Life

Continued from page 21

tell him the truth about himself and break with him for good. . . . She knew instinctively, but definitely, that he was having other flirtations. . . . "I'm only one of a crowd!" she would say to herself, with galling self-contempt. . . . But then the phone would ring and she would go quickly to answer it, and if Philip's voice came to her ear, she would go all weak and helpless inside. And finally she'd hear her own voice saying: "Yes, darling! Yes, I will. . . ."

Despising herself, she deliberately set out to find a method of restoring her self-respect. She decided that she would cure herself of love as she would of any other pernicious malady. She put herself on a strict diet; she regulated her hours of work and rest; she exercised religiously. And now, after a week of intensive physical training, the cure had worked. She was alive again. She was in complete possession of herself, soul and body. She was free of her own romanticism, free of love, free of *him!*

Oh, the joy of it! The simple joy of dressing, of having breakfast, of sitting down to her work without any worrying thought of Philip, without any dread of the telephone on her desk! She looked at that enigmatical instrument and smiled. "I just dare you to ring!"

The telephone rang. She knew before she heard his voice that it would be Philip calling her.

"Hello," she said. "Yes. . . . Oh, hello, Philip. . . . I'm extremely well, thank you. . . . What? Come to your apartment for tea this afternoon? No, not this afternoon, nor any other afternoon. . . . Now you listen to me. I'm through with you, Philip. I'll tell you why. You're charming; you're magnetic; you have a gift for making women love you! I loved you. I still do, in a way. But it doesn't mean anything to me now, because I know it doesn't mean anything to you. I don't blame you, Philip. I know it's just life. But you're not capable of a real love. You're sweet, but you're hopelessly superficial. There's nothing to you, really—no depth, no genuine feeling, no power to feel. So I'm finished with you. Absolutely and completely finished. I don't want you ever to call me or try to see me again. That's all, Philip. Good-by."

SHE put down the receiver. It was done. . . . She had done it, and she was glad. She was serenely content. Philip must have felt her sincerity, her implacable earnestness because he hadn't tried once to interrupt her.

The telephone on her desk rang again. Indifferently she answered it. A man's voice cried with familiar exuberance: "Hello, Alicia? Sorry, darling! We were cut off! These operators are such a stupid lot! I wanted to know if you'd come to tea with me this afternoon?"

Alicia's mind did an aërial somersault. It went tumbling across her study and out of the open window into the spring sunshine. Vaguely she heard her own voice speaking over the telephone to Philip. And what she said was:

"Yes, darling. . . . I'll be over about five."

. . . . . *Contradictory*

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You step off the Louisville & Nashville passenger train to the roar and hum of a modern city, but not five minutes from this scene is an atmosphere of leisure and calm that will enthrall you. The Vieux Carre—the French Quarter—stands as it has stood for more than a century—a place of romance and mystery, of beauty and charm. Courtyards—miniature gardens—display to one who will peek behind the heavy doors which guard them a loveliness of green yucca, palmetto, jessamine, willow, Spanish urns, and wrought iron. Each street and alley holds a reminder of a gallant age. Mellow, old buildings recall proud and tragic eras—in all their dignity they stand as monuments of the early rulers of New Orleans and the Louisiana territory.

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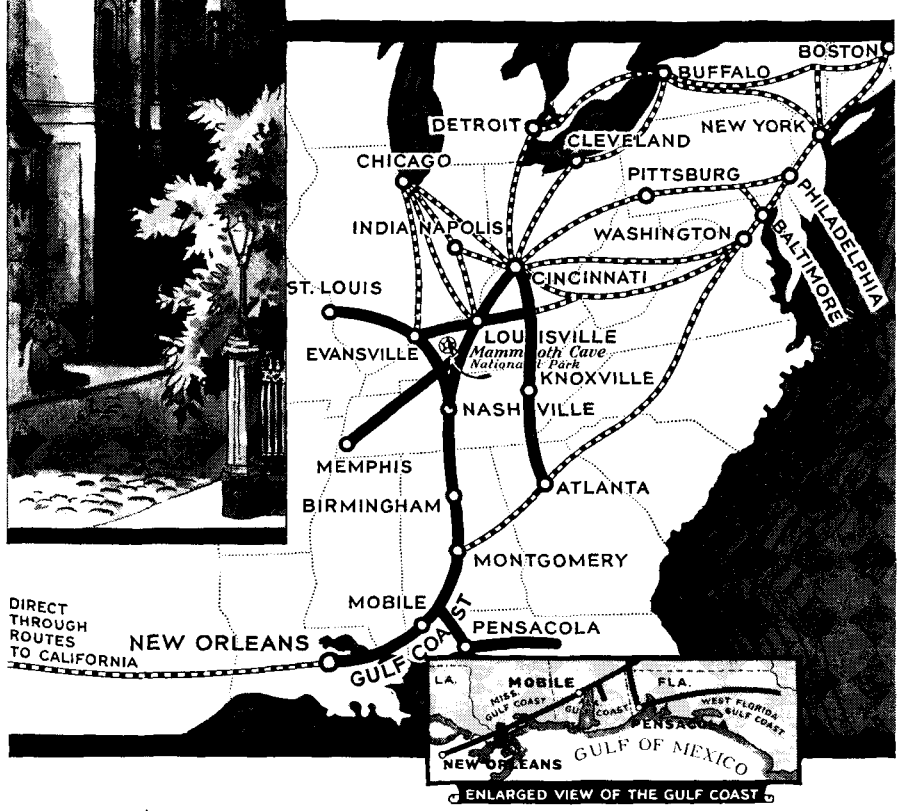

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LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

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She went out, slamming the thick door viciously behind her.

The plans for the wedding of Doña Serafina and Don Raimundo went forward with much bustle and enthusiasm—on the part of all save the bride-to-be. The alcalde was able to sit up for a few hours each day and to direct the affairs of the pueblo from the cushioned depths of a great carven chair. But still he had not given the order for the hanging of the captured pirate. It was as if, having been so near death, he could not bring himself as yet to summon the grim lord of oblivion for another. However, the thing was imminent, inevitable. As for Serafina, she who had been like a living flame—an untamed wildcat of the *monte*—something had happened to her. Don Raimundo was puzzled, and not a little disappointed. She was polite, indifferent, distrait. Only once did he rouse in her the swift fury that thrilled him, even though it burned.

"It has been arranged, *vida mia*, that, as a fitting ending for our wedding fiesta, the bucanero shall be hanged, publicly, for all to see!"

Then it was that she turned eyes of flaming, devastating blackness upon him.

"You would begin our married life so, Raimundo? You would offer your bride as a wedding gift the pleasant spectacle of a man dangling at the end of a rope?"

"But—but—" he could only stammer, "you yourself said—"

"Ah, *caramba!*" She stamped her foot furiously. "No matter what I said! If you order such a barbarous thing done on our wedding day, I will not marry you! I will leave you at the very altar! Do you understand?"

Understand? How could he, when Serafina herself did not understand—or would not? He only knew that he found her difficult. He caught himself comparing her secretly with the younger Catarina, so gentle, so docile, her eyes so filled with sweetness whenever she looked at him. . . .

IT WAS late afternoon when Serafina again rode up to the cuartel.

The bucanero, shaven and clean-looking, as if from a recent bath, was seated companionably on a long bench with Luis, the jailer, separated only by the length of a massive chest, from which the prisoner was carving delicate rolls of shavings. On the tiled floor, cross-legged like a Turk, sat the Indian medicine man, Chonco, his savage brown face alight with interest, his black eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the smiling, blue-eyed pirate, who was telling some story, and emphasizing its details with gestures of the knife in his hand. Yes—a knife!

"Holy saints!"

Serafina's smothered ejaculation brought the jailer and captive to their feet upon the instant. Chonco remained seated, his face blank and impassive.

"Enter, Señorita!" the bucanero cried out with that subtle mingling of humor and mockery and camaraderie.

Luis made a frightened, deprecatory gesture.

"Doña Serafina—it was at Your Grace's own orders that I cared for the bucanero—and when he recovered, he was a willing helper to me, and seemingly without wish to escape. He is, also, Señorita, a master craftsman, and a carver of wood—I thought it no wrong to allow him to work at the making of a chest as he begged me—is it Your Grace's desire that I put him back into the stone cell?"

Under the mocking smile of the blue-eyed prisoner and his questioning, lifted eyebrows, she flushed scarlet.

"Well—but you must give me your word—" she hesitated, and he caught up the unfinished sentence.

Glorious Buccaneer

Continued from page 15

"Of *honor?* Has a bucanero such an unmarketable commodity?"

"I do not know," she flashed, looking at him fully, "have you?"

For the space of a moment they gazed at each other so, dark eyes meeting blue in a challenge, a question—and an answer.

"I have," he said gravely, at last.

"Then promise me that you will make no attempt to escape. I am responsible for your—safety—until my father is recovered."

THERE was no hesitation in his voice as he replied; but neither could one tell if he were serious, or in deep earnest:

"Señorita, I am in your hands—completely. My life has been yours ever since the first memorable night when I saw your blazing eyes fixed—somewhat untenderly—upon me. I have no sword to give you, as pledge of my good faith, and"—his eyes regarded the knife in his hand with a sigh—"I need this for the work of the chest. Besides—it is the knife of Luis. Ah!"—his eyes brightened—"an inspiration! I shall give you the chest itself! That shall be my hostage to you. Whatever of morals I lack, Señorita, I am a good and conscientious workman. I will not run away from a task unfinished—and Your Grace can see that I have only commenced the carving!"

She bent her head, coolly, impersonally.

"Very well, I accept it. Hasten the work. I would like to use it—for my wedding chest; and the marriage day is not far off."

She had her revenge. For all the mockery was suddenly blotted out of his face. A curious pallor made his eyes seem more intensely blue.

"Ah?" he said, and this time his lips did not smile. "So you are to be married—soon?"

"Naturally," she replied with exaggerated sweetness, "we but await my father's complete recovery—for that, and—other duties."

And as instantly, and paradoxically, she wished the cruel thing unsaid. An unworthy sport, she thought, despising herself, to bait a man condemned to death. . . .

He seemed older when he looked at her again. The wound on his forehead stood out redly from the pallor of his face. His lips opened as if to make some reply—then closed again. Serafina felt the pounding of her heart as a choking, battering lump in her throat. If he would but ask for mercy—throw himself upon a woman's weakness, an aversion to suffering—

"You were about to say—" she faltered, her eyes averted from his.

"Nothing," he answered slowly.

The wedding chest of Doña Serafina was becoming a scandal in the community. No one denied that it was indeed a work of art, keenly appreciated by those beauty-loving Spaniards so far from the rich beauty and handicraft of their own land. Its elaborate scrolls took slow form day after day under the skillful fingers of the captive bucanero; figures of ladies and gallants came to life under the magic touch of the maker.

No one blamed Serafina for wishing to have such a perfect chest for her wedding garments—after all, marriage was for life. But to delay one's bridal from month to month—to send to France for paints for the chest because the native products were not considered fine enough, to decree another delay because the silver hasps must come from Guanajuato, far away in Mexico—that was overstepping the bounds.

"Come soon again, Bob—don't be such a stranger!"

AT LAST Don Emilio, almost recovered now, took his daughter to task.

"Come, come, my little wild one, it is time that you folded your wings. Raimundo has been patient—more than patient! Name the day for thy wedding, and this time do not delay it."

"I will not be married until the chest is completed; it is for my wedding garments!" she said as she had said a hundred times before.

"Well then, have the bucanero finish it, and quickly! We cannot keep him longer like this—*Sangre de Dios*, he is not a prisoner, he is an honored resident of the pueblo! The cuartel is like the antechamber of the governor's palacio, so many people are about, jesting with him—even the Indian witch doctor shouts with laughter. It will soon be so that we cannot hang him! His sins will have been forgotten, and I will be called a tyrant for giving the order to put him to death!"

"But, Papacito, I have seen *thee* at the cuartel, talking to him!"

The alcalde shrugged his shoulders.

"Well—that is permissible. And the fellow is intelligent. But he must die."

The color went out of Serafina's cheeks like the extinguishing of a candle. She made a queer, fluttering gesture with her hands. It was as if she tore something—hope, perhaps—to shreds.

THE crowd at the cuartel made respectful way for Doña Serafina that day as she rode up on her coal-black horse. Against the black of her velvet habit her face was deadly pale, with only a tightly-pressed line of red to mark her lips. It was a terrible thing that she had come to do, and she was frightened. But nought of this showed in her face as she swung herself unaided from the saddle and swept in through the open door, head held high.

The room was crowded, even as Don Emilio had said, with a group that was like a court. Chonco the Indian was in his accustomed place, cross-legged upon the floor. And the tall, blue-eyed bucanero held the place of honor—he and the gorgeous carved and painted chest upon which he was still working.

"A thousand welcomes!" he said to her as she came through the crowd. And for once there was no mockery in his eyes. "It has seemed a thousand years since Your Grace came to see—the chest."

"I have come to tell you," she said clearly and distinctly, "that my wedding day is set for the next Sunday but one. The chest must be ready by that time."

The bucanero's eyes did not change expression. Only his lips tightened a little.

"So soon? Well then, will Your Grace have the goodness to see if it pleases you?"

She came nearer, and the crowd drew back, leaving the two in a little space, alone. She bent over the chest, and pretended to examine it.

She opened the lid and looked inside.

"It lacks the silver hasps," she said coldly. And then her lips moved rigidly: "Can you hear me?"

"But yes, Señorita," he answered aloud, "they are even now on their way from Guanajuato." Then he bent down beside her. "Doña Serafina, even when you are not beside me, I can still hear your voice!"

"There is a blot of red here that is bad. (Listen to me, and do what I command you!)"

"What clumsiness! My friend the Indian witch doctor must have cast an evil eye upon me at that moment! (I am at your command, now as always, Doña Serafina!)"

"And here—*Dios mio!* Here is a corner that is neither carved, nor painted! What does that mean? (My father will order you hanged. I do not wish you to die. Escape—tonight! I will arrange it with Luis!)"

"Ah, the corner, Doña Serafina? Well, Your Grace surely cannot blame me for a little delay—as long as the chest is not finished, I live on. A natural sentiment, is it not?" A laugh went up from those in the background. A man after one's own heart, this bucanero, who could jest with death! ("It is impossible. That one thing I will not do!")

There was no pretense now in the stamping of her foot, or the wild flame in her eyes.

"You shall do it!" she cried out, "do you hear? You shall do it because I command it—"

His face whitened.

"I shall indeed try to finish it," he protested. "After all, what is one poor bucanero's life to the happiness of a

(*Continued on page 34*)

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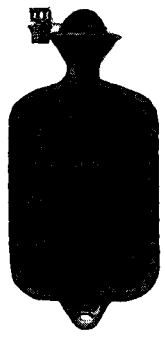

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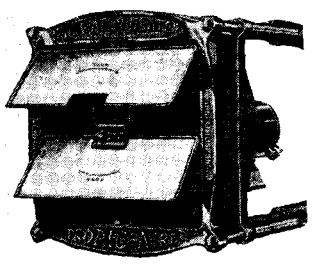

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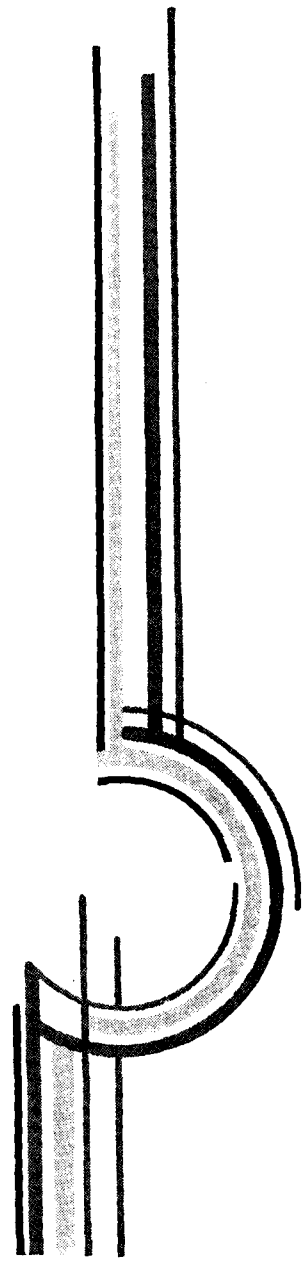

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Glorious Buccaneer

Continued from page 32

lady! (You do not realize, Doña Serafina! Such a thing would blight your reputation forever. They would say, 'He was her lover—and she freed him!')"

("Let them say it!") Her voice was a passionate whisper.

("No! Not unless—") He was very close to her.

("Unless?") Again she was bending over the chest, peering into it, but her eyes knew nothing of the loveliness of the colors.

("Unless—") he had bent with her, ("unless it were really true—that you loved me!")

("You—you are insolent!") she breathed. She was trembling as she stepped back from the chest. "My horse, if you please!"

Like one pursued by demons she drove the spurs into the flanks of the coal-black horse. "Oh—I am a coward—a coward!" The Indian mozo was left far behind in the madness of her speed. Panting, as if she herself had been running, she flung herself from the saddle, and in through the house.

Catarina was standing, with the Doña Erlinda, completely surrounded by a white, misty pile of garments.

"Look, Serafina!" cried out the younger sister, holding up a shimmering white confection of satin and lace, embroidered with pearls, "thy wedding gown has come from Mexico! Is it not a dream of delight?"

Serafina's eyes were burning like torches. Her face was dead white.

"Take it away and burn it!" she gasped out. "Take it out of my sight! A wedding dress—oh, holy saints! It is a dress for a coffin! It is for one whose heart is dead!"

"*Serafina!*" her mother cried out, scandalized.

But the slamming of a heavy door answered her. The Doña Erlinda and the docile little Catarina stared at each other, unable to speak. Then the younger daughter's face reddened with anger.

"She does not deserve his love, Mamacita," she whispered passionately. "If it were I—if it were I—"

"Silence, my child! It is nothing—after marriage all will be well!"

The little Catarina stood silent, clasping the whiteness of the wedding gown against her breast. Slow tears were welling to her eyes.

IT WAS the night before the wedding. The great patio of the alcalde's hospitable hacienda was crowded with guests, and there was music.

Suddenly the dancers spread apart, breaking the rhythm of the music, to make confused way for someone staggering past them—Luis, the jailer! With distended eyes and gasping mouth he flung himself at Don Emilio's feet.

"The bucaneros—" he stammered out, clutching at his throat as if to compel his voice, "the bucaneros—are coming again! They—on the shore—already landed—in God's name—make haste—already they are near—the plaza—they have set fire to—many houses—"

A terrible, stunned silence smote the laughter and hilarity like the chaos of the world's ending. Then Don Raimundo came striding through the crowd, his handsome face of an appalling blackness.

"That cursed prisoner has done this!" he ground out. "He has taken advantage of his liberty to get word to his fellow cutthroats! They have known that at this time we would not be prepared—" he wheeled about, and faced the white, questioning face of his bride-to-be. "*You* have made this possible!" he cried out, beside himself with fury. "You with your insistence on keeping him alive to make your wedding chest! And now—this! This for the vanity of a woman! He has fled to them, the better to guide them here!"

"Tell him he lies, Luis!" she commanded through set teeth. "Tell him that the bucanero is still a prisoner—tell him so, Luis!"

The man's agonized, bloodshot eyes lifted to hers.

"I cannot, Señorita," he all but sobbed out; "he—has escaped! In the confusion—when I learned of the approach of the others—I do not know what happened, Señorita, only that suddenly—he was gone!"

SHE stood there, still bending above him, her eyes strange and staring, like a dead woman's eyes.

Then suddenly she straightened. Her voice was as shrill and electrifying as the note of a bugle.

"Well then, are we to be killed here like sheep, without making resistance? To arms! Once they came, and we defeated them! Up and at them, caballeros! *Santiago! Santiago and at them!*"

They caught up the cry as they rushed out into the blackness of the night—a night pricked through by lurid stabs of light where distant haciendas were burning.

Some of them found horses, and some ran on foot. Upon her coal-black horse galloped Doña Serafina, her face a mask of despair—of utter recklessness.

At the plaza they met the bucaneros, a wild, terrible crew, whose fierce shouts mingled horribly with the crackling of the flames and the screams of women and children, fleeing like befuddled animals into the red shadows and out again—

"Santiago! Santiago!"

It was Doña Serafina's voice as the mounted defenders flung themselves against the pirates' swarming numbers. A cutlass flashed at her as she galloped by. She turned her horse instantly, and rode the man down. She laughed wildly as he cursed her.

A bullet cracked against the high tortoise-shell comb. She reached up and tore the useless ornament from her hair, and with it the floating mantilla. She flung it full into the face of a blood-stained brute who reached up at her. He waved his arms to clear his eyes of the encumbrance, and her horse was atop of him—trampling, galloping on. . . .

And then—from out of the deeper blackness of the hills, there came a wavering, eerie, tremulous cry, like the blood-screech of a thousand panthers. It mounted upward in a weird, tingling, utterly inhuman scream above the roaring of guns and the crackling of flames. For one instant both attacked and attackers drew breath—uncertain, unknowing—

It was only for a moment. Then an avalanche of naked, painted bodies swarmed down in a terrible, pestilential cloud of death. The hissing of poisoned arrows was like the awakened turmoil of serpents, hurtling through the blood-stained light.

THE defenders of the pueblo turned with grim, blood-spattered faces to meet the inevitable end. The Indians had taken up arms against them!

Then . . . a voice cried out. . . .

"At them, my Indians! Death to the bucaneros! *Santiago and at them!*"

And down into the plaza came the rushing torrent of human bodies, the Indians of the hills! Led by Chonco, the witch doctor, leaping and writhing and shouting incantations, and beside him, with only a short knife for a weapon—the blue-eyed bucanero!

With a great cry of triumph the caballeros hailed them. Then they flung themselves forward. Velvet-clad hidalgos of Spain and naked painted Indians together, allies against a common foe. . . .

The pirate horde, unsettled, fearful for the instant, hesitated. And with that hesitation met their end. It was a short, bloody battle. They were surrounded, cut down, slaughtered. Those who fled lived only until an Indian arrow brought them down.

The Indians began to dance. Their savage song of triumph mingled with the jubilation and tears of those who had been saved by one man's friendship for another. . . .

The little Catarina came running and stumbling from the hacienda. She was like one bereft of her senses, with tears streaking her face, crying out over and over, "Raimundo! Raimundo! Where art thou?"

Then suddenly she found him. She was in his arms, for all to see, and he was kissing her passionately, unashamed, as if it had always been she whom he had loved. . . .

And Doña Serafina—she slipped weakly from her horse in the shadow of an adobe wall. Not entirely unaided, for someone tall and strong and infinitely tender was holding her in his arms.

"Foolish little one!" he was saying, his lips very close to hers, "to brave death—and in such a lovely gown! Even an Amazon queen wore armor, I am told! And had you been killed—oh—Serafina, *querida mia!*"

She put shaking fingers over his mouth. She could scarcely speak, so great was the trembling of her body.

"Thy Spanish is very bad," she whispered, trying to steady her voice. "It is not permitted to say 'querida' unless—unless—"

His lips silenced hers in a long, long kiss. "Thou wilt be forgiven now," she said at last, dreamily. "No one else would have thought of Chonco—and I am not sure he would have come for any but thee. They will never hang thee now, as a bucanero. . . ."

He laughed suddenly, a deep, tender laugh, and held her closer.

"They might have hanged me, sweetheart, but it would have been no bucanero at the end of the rope, for I never was one! The ship on which I had taken passage from Peru to California was attacked and burned. I was given my choice of joining the bloody crew or dangling from a yardarm. I chose to let them think that I was one of them, until the first chance should come for escape. It would have come the night they thought to attack Soledad—had it not been for the vigilance of the worthy Don Raimundo. But who would have believed my story? Even you, sweetheart, never thought to ask me if perchance I might not be an honorable man. . . ."

AGAIN her hands stole up and pressed against his lips.

"What does it matter? I loved thee without knowing—I love thee now! I am like one come back from the grave to know that thou wilt live. No one—*no one*, shall take thee from me now—"

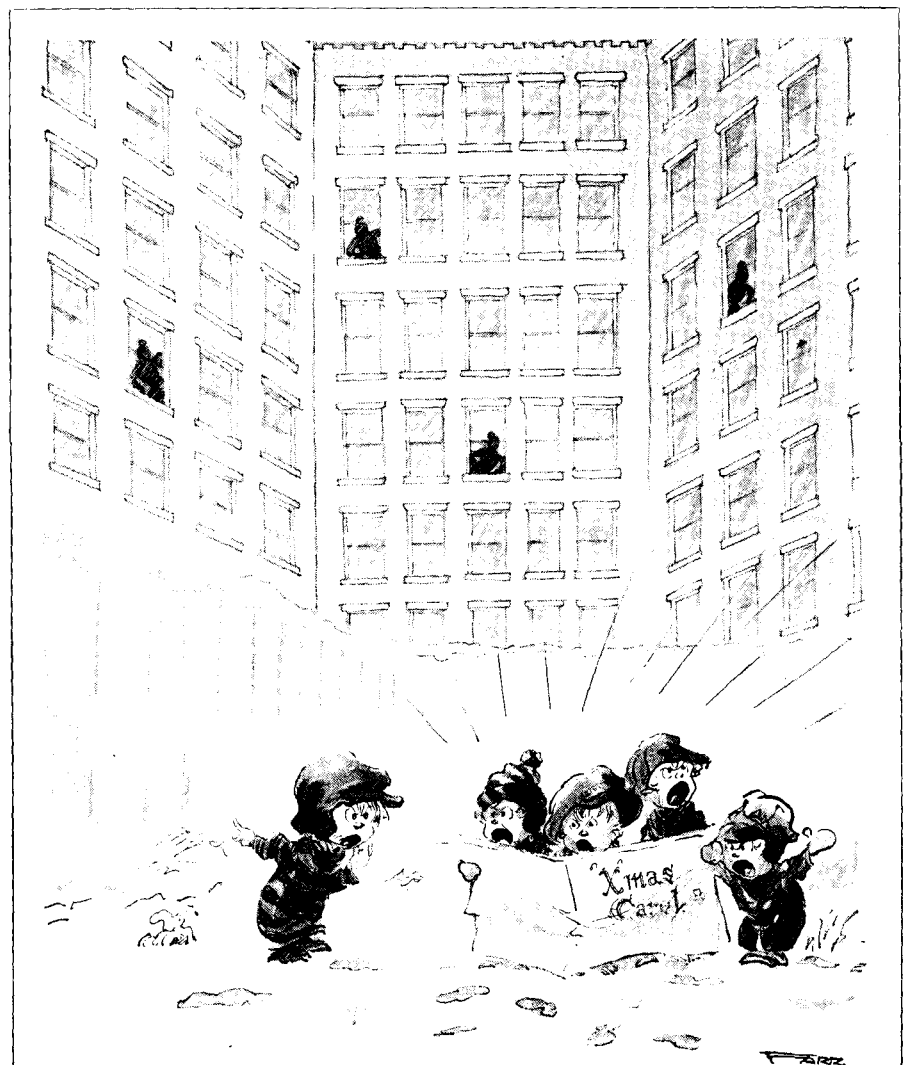
There was a long, wordless silence. And then, in a whisper, but with the suggestion of a laugh behind it, she spoke again:

"Thou must teach me to speak English. What was it that thou didst call me?"

"'*Sweetheart*'! Dost thou like the sound of it? For thou wilt hear it—often!"

She smiled, a wondrous, tender smile.

"I like it very much—*querido mio!*"



"Sure they can hear us—ain't they all slammin' their windows?"

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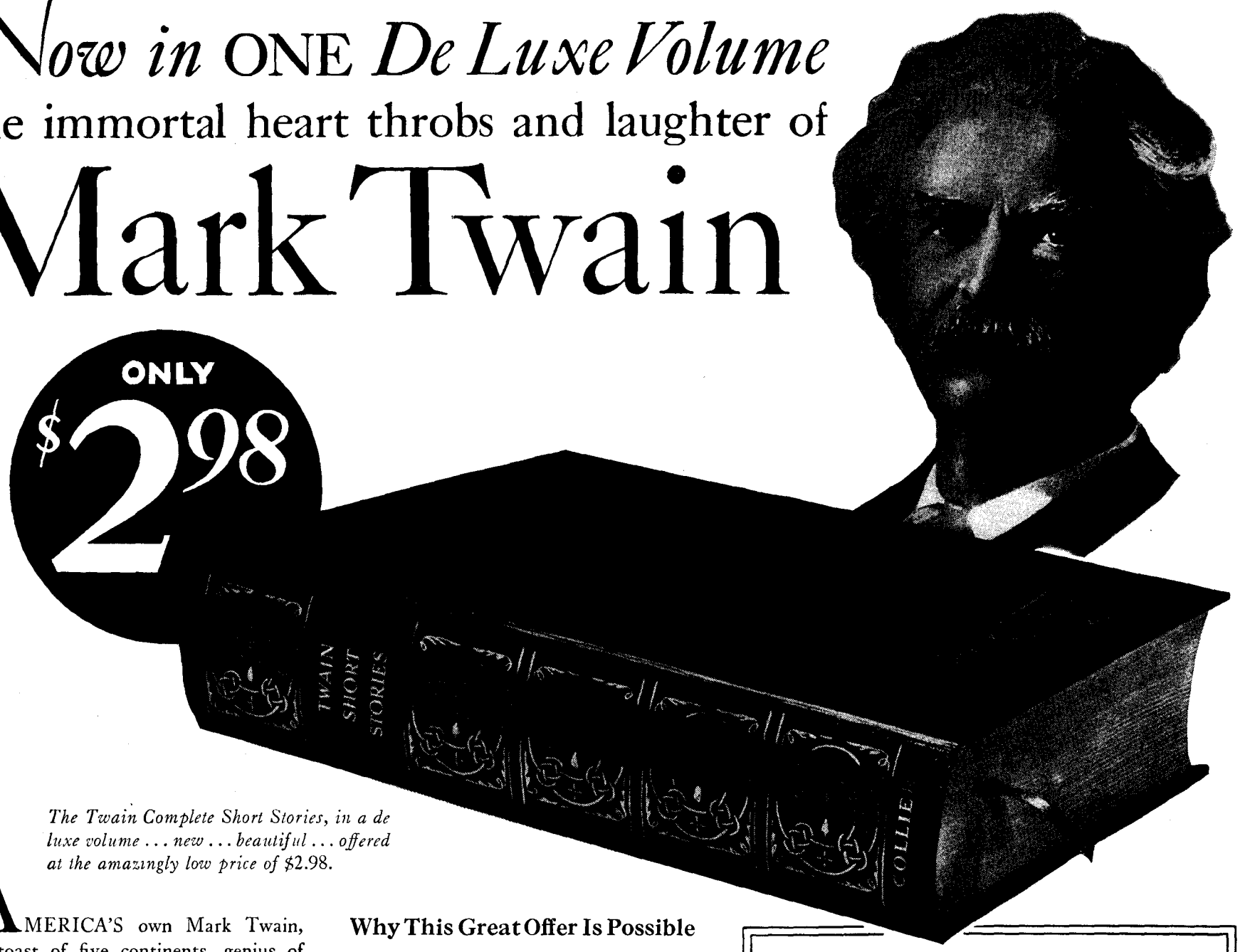

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caught sight of a man who had evidently been watching, for he stepped out on the porch, rifle in hand. Jim kept on to the barred gate. There were flowers in the yard and vines on the cabin—proof of feminine hands. And he saw a bed on the porch.

"Hello," he shouted, as he got off carefully, needing both hands to handle Helen.

"Hullo, yourself," called the man, who was apparently curious but not unfriendly. Then as Jim let down a bar of the gate with his foot this resident of Blue Valley leaned his rifle against the wall and called to someone within.

Jim hurried on to the porch and laid Helen on the bed. She was so exhausted that she could not speak, but she smiled at Jim. Her plight was evident. Then Jim straightened up to look at the man. Friend or foe—it made no difference to Jim—because here he would see that Helen received the care and food that she needed. Jim could deal with men. His swift gaze, never so penetrating, fell upon a sturdy individual of middle age—a typical pioneer of the Mormon breed, still-faced and bearded. The instant Jim looked into the blue eyes, mildly curious, he knew that whoever the man was he had not heard of the abduction of Herrick's sister.

"Howdy, stranger."

"My name's Wall," said Jim in reply, slowly seeking for words.

"Mine's Tasker. Whar you from?"

"Durango. . . . My—my wife and I got lost. She wasn't strong. She gave out. I'm afraid she's in bad shape."

"She shore looks bad. But the Lord is good. It's only she's tuckered out."

"What place is this?"

"Blue Valley."

"And where is Blue Valley?"

"Sixty miles from Torrey."

"Torrey? That's a Mormon settlement, isn't it?"

"Yes. I've stuck it out, but I'll be givin' up soon. No use tryin' to fight thet Dirty Devil River. Five years ago there was eighty people livin' hyar. Blue Valley has a story, friend—"

"One I'd be glad to hear," interrupted Jim. "Will you help me? I have money and can pay you."

"Stay an' welcome, friend. An' keep your money. Me an' my women folks ask nothin' fer good will toward those in need."

"Thank—you," Jim replied, huskily. "Will you call them to look after my—my wife?"

Helen was staring up at Jim with wondering, troubled eyes.

"Is everything all right?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes, if to find friends an' care is that," replied the Mormon, kindly. Then he stepped to the door to call within. "Mary, this rider was not alone. It was his wife he was carryin'. They got lost in the brakes an' she gave out. We must take them in."

THAT night, after the good Mormons assured Jim that Helen was just worn out and she had smiled a wistful guarantee of that, Jim went to sleep under the cottonwoods and never moved for seventeen hours.

When he awoke it seemed to be a transfigured world. He felt almost free of terrible fetters, of a past that had gone.

Helen sat up the second day, white and shaky indeed but recovering with a promise that augured well. Her eyes hung upon Jim with a mute observance. They haunted him in his walks along the river, under the cottonwoods where the sunflowers followed the sun with their faces, and at night when he watched the stars. He never went far from the cabin. He had never yet climbed, to make his in memory forever, that grand purple butte. Factory Butte

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 23

the Mormon called it, and there was where he dug the coal he burned. It was the coal that gave it the strange, dark colors. No blade of grass or bit of shrub grew upon this mountain. It would not sustain life. Even the eagles shunned it.

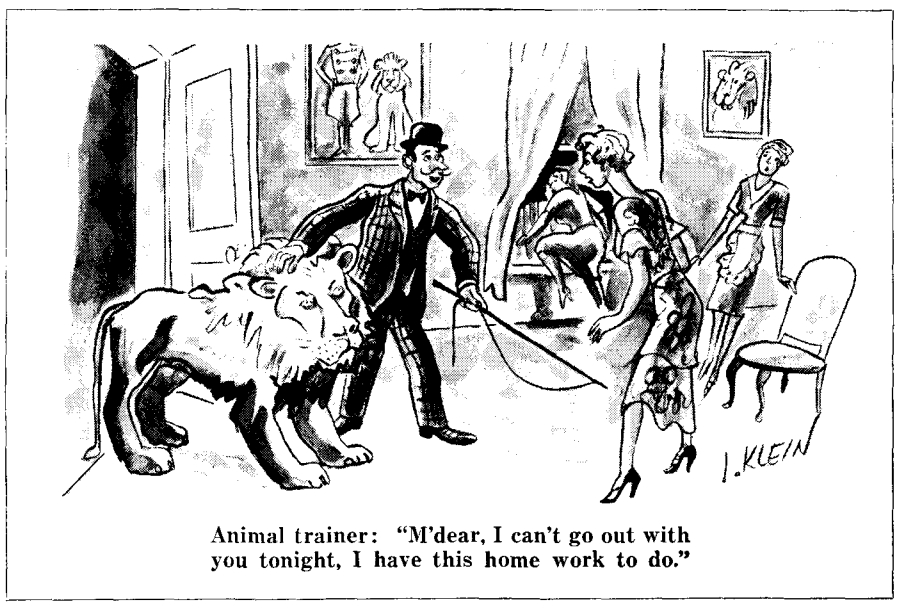
NEXT morning while the women were at work in the fields and Tasker was away somewhere Jim approached Helen on the porch. She sat in a homemade rocking-chair, and she had marvelously improved, considering the short space of time. Her hair, once again under care, shone like burnished gold.

"Well, you look wonderful this morning," he said. "We must begin to think of getting away from this haven of rest."

"Oh, I'm able to start," she replied, eagerly.

"We mustn't overdo it. Tomorrow, perhaps. And then if we're lucky, in three days you'll be back at Star Ranch. . . . And I—"

His evident depression, as he broke off, checked her vivid gladness.



Animal trainer: "M'dear, I can't go out with you tonight, I have this home work to do."

"You will never go back to—to your old life?" she questioned, quickly.

"No, so help me, God! This I owe to you alone, Helen. It will be possible now for me even to be happy. But enough of myself. . . . You are gaining daily. Oh, you have such beauty! . . . But—we are still in the wilds of Utah, with its strange secret, underground channels. With its Dirty Devils! . . . I have traded two of the horses for Tasker's light wagon. I will take you to the stage line and soon you will be at Grand Junction."

Jim ceased. Her hands slipped from her eyes, to expose them wide, filmed with tears, through which shone that which made him flee.

"Wait—please wait!" she called after him, as he made with giant strides for the gate. But he did not go back. If she pitied him he did not want to see it.

In a moonlit hour that night, late, when the good Taskers had gone to well-earned rest, Jim heard his name called. He ran with swift, noiseless feet to Helen's bedside.

"You did not come back," she whispered. "I cannot sleep. . . . There is something I—want to say."

He sat down upon the bedside and clasped her hand in his, to look down into the white face, with its unfathomable, midnight eyes.

"Is your real name Jim Wall?" she asked, with more composure.

"No. I will tell it if you wish."

"Are you a free man?"

"Free. What do you mean? Yes, free—of course!"

"You called me your—your wife to these kind people."

"I thought that best. They would be less curious."

"I was not offended—and I understood. . . . I want you to go back to Star Ranch with me."

"You ask me—that!" he exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, I do."

"But you will be perfectly safe. Someone will drive you from Grand Junction."

"Perhaps. Only I'll never *feel* safe in Utah again—unless you are near. I've had too great a shock, Jim. I suppose one of your Western girls could have stood this adventure. But this was my first rough experience. It was a—a little too much."

"I can never go back to Star Ranch," he replied, gravely.

"Why not? Because you are—you *were* a member of a robber gang? I had an ancestor who was a robber baron. To be a robber is not such a degradation—provided he be great—like you."

"That's not the reason," he said.

"What is it—then?"

"If I leave you now—soon as I've placed you in good hands—I can ride off in peace—go to Arizona, or somewhere and be a cowboy—and be happy in the memory of having served you and loved you—and through that having turned my back on the old life. . . . But if I went back to Star Ranch—to see you every day—to—to—"

"To ride with me," she interfered, softly.

"Yes—to ride with you," he went on, hoarsely. "That'd be like what you called your rough experience—a little too much. It would be terribly too much. I'm only human."

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she whispered, averting her face and withdrawing her hand. "Jim, I believe if I were you, I'd risk it."

Jim gazed down at the clear-cut profile, at the shadowed eyes, hair silvered in the moonlight; then stricken and mute he rushed away.

BEFORE dawn Jim had beaten his vain and exalted consciousness into a conviction that the heaven Helen hinted at for him was the generosity of a woman's heart. She could not yet be wholly herself. He must not take advantage of that. But to reassure her he decided he would conduct her to Star Ranch, careful never to reopen that delicate and impossible subject, and after she was safely there and all was well he would ride away in the night, letting his silence speak his farewell.

At sunrise Jim acquainted Tasker with his desire to leave for Torrey, provided Helen felt recovered sufficiently.

"Reckon I'd better see you through Capital Wash an' as fur as Torrey," replied the Mormon.

That was a relief to Jim. A whole day with its endless scenes and incidents, and the companionship of the Mormon, might make it possible for Jim to stand by his resolve.

At breakfast and in the bustle of departure he was sure Helen felt something aloof and strange in him, and he dared not meet her thoughtful eyes.

Soon they were on the way, Helen comfortably settled in the back of the two-seated wagon and Jim riding beside Tasker in front.

Factory Butte furnished a fascinating hour for Jim, and from there on, the scenery lost nothing by its vicinity to this grand monument. The Mormon was talkative and told the story of Blue Valley and other narratives relative to the region. Capital Wash was a rent through a high ridge of red rock and the road was a stream bed, running free with muddy water. Toward the end this passage grew to be a splendid canyon.

A MORMON rancher, at whose place Tasker stopped, invited them to pass the night at his house, and next morning take the road from there to Grand Junction, which could be reached in a long day's drive. Jim accepted both invitation and advice. In the morning Tasker bade them good-by and Godspeed.

"Thank you, Mr. Tasker," replied Helen. "I shall remember your kindness. And I'd like to buy back the two horses Jim traded you."

"I'll fetch them, if you'll tell me where," replied the Mormon.

"Star Ranch, north of Grand Junction."

"I've heard of thet. Wal, you may expect me some day, though I had taken a likin' to your bay hoss."

Jim drove off in the clear cold air of a mountain autumn morning before the sun had come up.

"Helen, you shouldn't have asked him to fetch the horses," said Jim reprovingly. "He'll find out I lied."

"Lied! What about?"

"I told Tasker you were my wife."

"Oh, that!" laughed Helen, and turned away a scarlet face. "It can be explained easily—if necessary. . . . Look! This glorious country! . . . No, I don't ever want to leave it."

Somehow Jim got through that long ride of suspense, fear and thrills, and when they reached Grand Junction just after dark, it was none too soon for him. Fortunately he got Helen into the little inn before she was recognized, and then returned to put the tired horses in the care of a stableboy. Jim did not risk entering store or saloon. Hays had had secret friends there. Yet Jim was keen to hear the gossip about Star Ranch. He was late for supper, having taken time to shave and change his shirt.

To his surprise he found Helen radiant.

"What do you think Bernie has done?"

"Bernie!" ejaculated Jim.

"Yes. My brother. This good woman told me. . . . Jim, you are the richer by ten thousand dollars."

"Richer? . . . Me!"

"Indeed. Bernie offered ten thousand dollars for my safe return."

(*Continued on page 38*)

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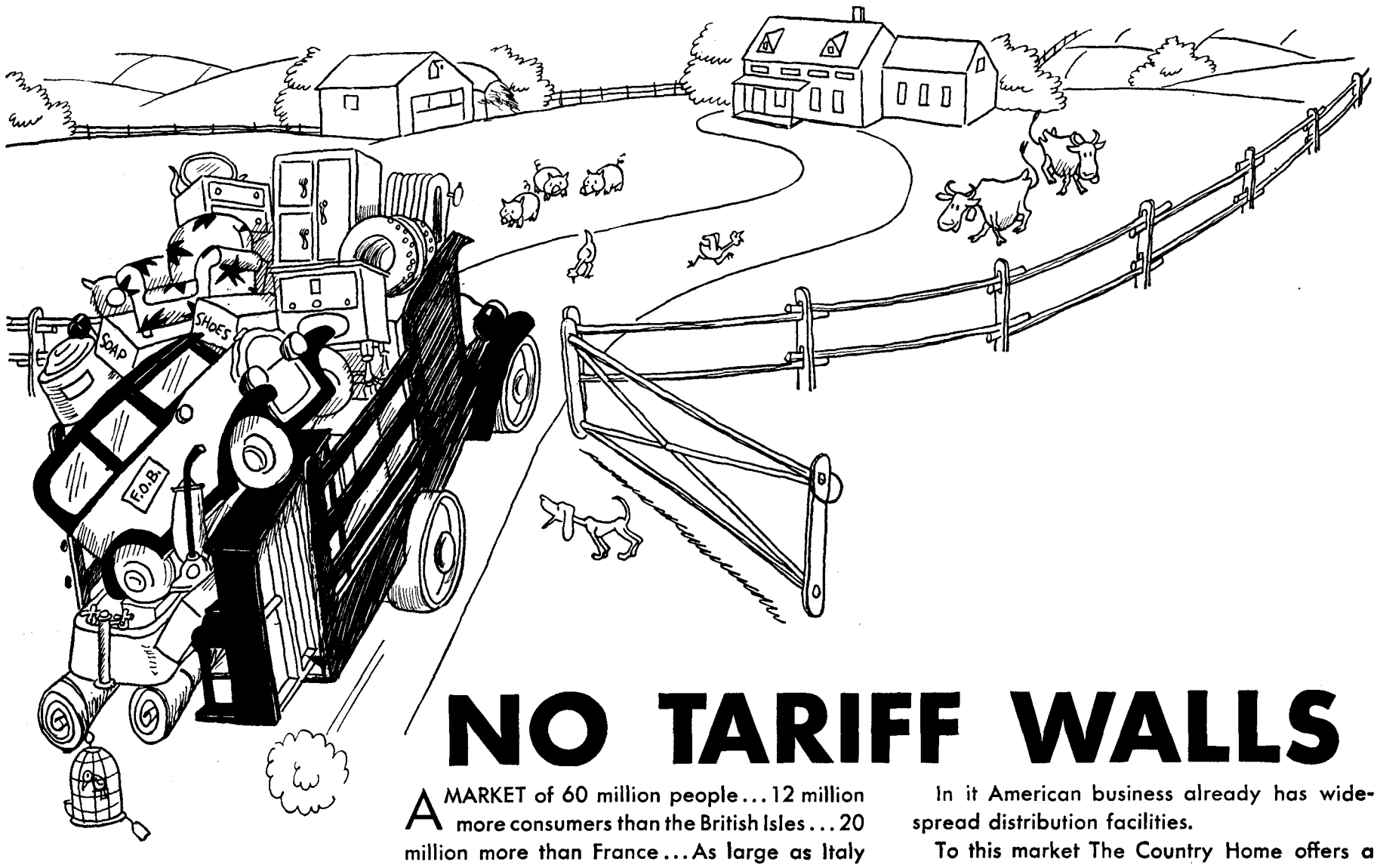

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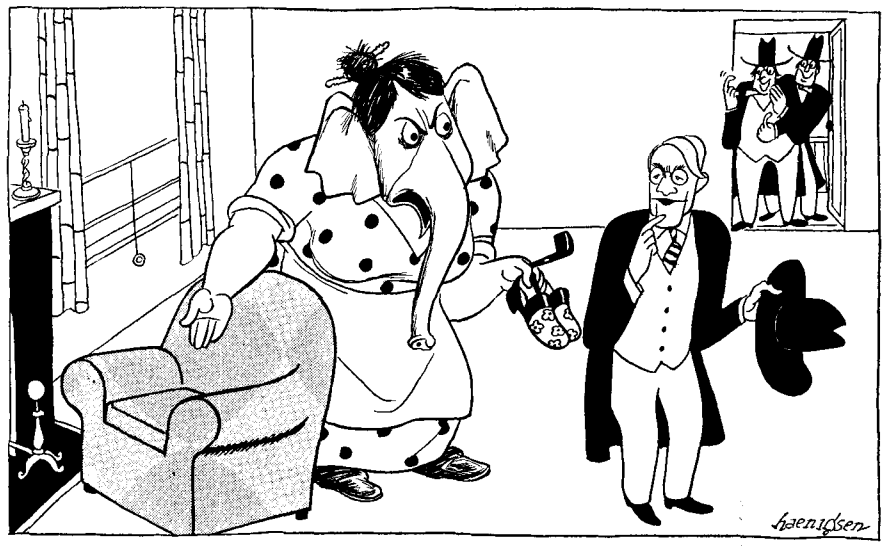

Berth of Freedom

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SENATOR DWIGHT W. MORROW, who recently took his seat in the upper house, having been elected for the unexpired term of Ambassador Edge as well as for the full term beginning March next, will be well advised to pursue a course of independence in the Senate. Regularity is for small men, and he is the biggest man for knowledge of affairs, experience of life, generosity of opinions, that has come into the Senate in many a year.

Senator Morrow paid his full debt to the Hoover administration when he declared for Mr. Hoover's renomination, and to the Republican party when he went on the air urging the election of Republican senators and representatives. His doing both those things disappointed some of his friends and doubtless cost him votes in the New Jersey election. He is now scot-free to be himself.

He was himself when he declared for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, rejecting the advice of the politicians to straddle the issue, and that was when the public liked him best. There will be pressure upon him to be an administration spokesman, for the administration could have no other spokesman whose voice would carry so far as his. But one would hate to see him another Henry Allen. Even Kansas could not abide the sight of Henry Allen.

Mr. Morrow was elected by independent votes in New Jersey cast by men who believed that he would be independent in the Senate.

Old-Fashioned Ideas

He has very little in common with the Old Guard Republicans of the Senate except the party name. He is for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, while his party is dry, or at most half wet. It will make its stand, at any rate, for the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment.

It probably does him no injustice to say that he is not a high-tariff man. His position on the tariff is nearer that of the Democrats than it is that of Senator Bingham and of the President who signed the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. He is reputed to be a liberal, having much more in common with Senators Borah and La Follette than with the orthodox Republicans of the upper house.

On international relations he has his points of difference with the rest of the Republicans. And he has, I believe, the old-fashioned idea of a senator, that he is sent to Washington not to be a rubber stamp for his constituents but to use his best intelligence in the service of his country and of his state. And he is also free from that selfish ambition which counsels prudent compromises in the interest of reëlection.

He should be the most independent senator in Washington, with a state ready to reëlect him no matter what may be the fate of the Republican party generally in the future. For him to be anything else would mean hiding his light under a bushel. No one really counts in the Senate except the men whose votes cannot be counted in advance for their party, no matter what it stands for.

Strength and Weakness

The Senate is a great destroyer of reputations. The pious Pepper was ruined when he sat down after making his first speech. And Mr. Morrow is in somewhat the same danger that Mr. Hoover was in when he entered the White House reputed to be a superman. Mr. Morrow, too, is something of a superman. He has this advantage, however: he isn't a candidate for anything, probably not even for reëlection, and certainly not for the Presidency. And thrice armed is he who is politically indifferent. Not only that, but he is very sure to go forward in politics even though, like the lilies of the field, he takes no thought of the political tomorrow. That is his strength.

His weakness, if he has one, springs from the same cause, the feeling that he himself does not matter much. He has not the egotism which demands the right to lead. At the same time his kindness and his sense of loyalty may make him susceptible to pressure from his party and from the administration. He has always been a party man, occupying a more active and important place in party affairs than is generally realized. The influence of Coolidge upon him has been strong.

There is a peculiar reason why Mr. Morrow should be as independent in the Senate as Mr. Borah is, though he may not share any of Mr. Borah's opinions. The future of his own party is very uncertain. The Republicans are hardly a party at all. They are afflicted with the disease which so long kept the Democratic party out of power: divisions and dissensions and a prostration of political intelligence. This is a distemper from which recovery is slow.

The prospects are that before Mr. Morrow has finished his present term, control of our Senate will pass to the Democrats, perhaps for several years. And there is no one as obscure as the regular member of a minority.

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 36

"I won't take it," replied Jim, darkly.

"I certainly wouldn't either," she retorted. "It is not the half or quarter what your service was worth."

"You know I wouldn't take a dollar!" flashed Jim.

"Well! What *do* you want, Jim?" she inquired, with a woman's sweet tantalizing mystery. "However, never mind that now. Listen. Bernie raised the very devil. He hired all the riders available to hunt for me. Also he found where Hays sold our cattle, and he forced the buyers to sell back every head, at the price they paid. He threatened to take the case to Salt Lake City."

"That's sure good news. It might have a tendency to end rustling, at least in wholesale bunches. Did you hear how badly your brother was hurt?"

"She did not mention that. Anyway it couldn't have been much, for Bernie has been here. . . . Aren't you going to eat any supper? Oh, I shall not sleep much tonight. . . . And *what* shall I tell Bernie?"

That query was arresting to Jim and he hastened to direct her mind into other channels, trying to make her feel concerned that they had still fifty miles to cover.

"Jim, I'll never pooh-pooh dough again," she replied, her eyes darkening.

"It's you who are not eating," he reproved. "Better eat and drink. And go to bed soon. We will be leaving before daylight."

EVERY moment of that ride next day was a joy and a pang. It seemed as short as the preceding one had been long. Helen was gay, sad, thoughtful and talkative by turns, but she did not infringe on the one subject that crucified Jim.

It chanced that as they surmounted the pass that led down into Star Ranch Valley the sun was setting out of a glorious cloud pageant over Wild Horse Mesa and the canyon brakes of the Dirty Devil. Jim judged of its beauty and profundity by the sudden silence it enjoined upon his companion. She never spoke another word until Jim halted the team in front of the ranch-house porch. "*Home!*" she whispered, as if she had never expected to see it again.

At Jim's halloa Herrick came out on the porch. "By Jove—here you are!" was his greeting, as cool and unemotional as if they were returning from a day's visit to the village.

"Yes, Bernie, here I am—thanks to my gentleman escort," replied Helen.

Jim helped her out, while some cowboys came running.

"I'll take the team down," Jim said, hurriedly.

"You come in," returned Herrick, as he gripped Jim's hand and gave him a searching glance. He kissed Helen and led her in, with his arm around her. Jim purposely lingered at the task of collecting Helen's worn and muddy luggage, and carried it in. Brother and sister stood with arms locked, and their gaze was hard to meet.

"Jim, you will have supper with us," she said. "I'll leave you and Bernie. . . . Oh, what will a tub and a change feel like!"

She gathered up her things and ran out of the living-room.

"Jim Wall, you bloody shooting cowboy!" ejaculated Herrick.

"That's not my right name," Jim made haste to reply.

"To hell with that, as you Westerners say. . . . Jim, come have a drink."

Herrick poured out red liquor with a hand that shook. They drank, and the rancher refilled the glasses.

"Helen hadn't time to tell me much," he said. "Hays kidnapped her for ransom. Took her to a hell hole down in the brakes. Robbers' Roost she called it. Held her there captive—and she would have been degraded but for you. They fought among themselves—gambling with my money. Heeseman's crew found them. There was a battle. In the end you killed Hays and brought Helen back. . . . That's the gist of her story. But I want it in detail."

"I have all the money, almost to a dollar, Herrick," replied Jim.

THE Englishman regarded that as of little consequence and urged Jim to a recital of the whole affair. At its conclusion Herrick said hoarsely:

"Let's have another drink! Let's have two."

"As a rule I don't drink. But this is an exceptional occasion. . . . To your good health, Herrick, and to your sister's happiness and well-being in Utah!"

Presently Herrick spoke with something of gravity: "Helen told me that I was to keep you at Star Ranch. I hope you won't let this Hays debacle drive you away."

"It'll be impossible for me to stay," rejoined Jim, briefly. "But thanks for your kindness."

"I'll have you manage the ranch—give you an interest. Anything—"

"Please don't embarrass me further. I can't stay. . . . It's hard to confess—but I have had the gall, the absurd luck, to fall in love with your sister. I couldn't help it. . . . I want you to know, however, that it has turned me from that old outlaw life. I'll go away and begin life over again."

"By Jove! So that's your trouble. Does Helen know?"

"Yes, I told her. It was after she asked me to come and stay at Star Ranch. Said she would never feel safe again unless I came. So I had to tell her."

"Declare I don't blame her. I'd feel a little safer myself. That devil Hays left his trade-mark on me. Look here. . . . By thunder, Wall, it's a blooming mix. I understand you, and think you're a man to respect and like. Can't we get around the trouble somehow?"

"There is no way, Herrick."

"HELEN has her own sweet will about everything. If she wants you to stay, you'll stay, that I can assure you. Is there any honorable reason why you ought not stay—outside of this unfortunate attachment to Helen?"

"I leave you to be judge of that," replied Jim, and briefly related the story of his life.

"Deuced interesting, by Jove! Let's drink to it."

"One more, then," laughed Jim, with a load off his mind. Somehow he had wanted to stand clear and fair in this Englishman's sight.

"Damn me, I like your West. I like you Westerners!" Herrick exploded. "Whatever Helen wants is quite right with me. . . . I can't conceive of her insisting on your staying here—unless there is hope for you."

"My God! That is wild, Herrick. *I* can't conceive of such a thing. It wouldn't be fair to take her seriously—after the horror she's been through—and her intense gratefulness."

"Beyond me! Let's have another drink."

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Jim paced for a long time under the rustling pines that night, favoring the shadow because the stars somehow mocked him. Yet a sense of worthiness, almost happiness, abided with him for the first time in many years. Who was he to have had such an opportunity, not only to do good, but to lift himself out of the depths? His gratitude to chance, to life, to whatever had guided him, was intense.

The ordeal was over. It seemed scarcely likely that the Herricks would be subjected to another such raid. Such things as Hank Hays had evolved never happened twice in the same place. Jim felt it incumbent upon him to give Herrick some strong advice about running a ranch.

For a moment Jim allowed himself the pleasure of dreaming over what a wonderful and paying ranch he could make it had circumstances permitted him to accept Herrick's offer.

AS FOR himself and his future, he had a singular optimism. He felt the meanest of labor could never detract from the glory and the dream of the thing that was his. Some men never lived at all; a few lived well or ill; it was given to one here and there to live some extraordinary experience that sufficed for all the remaining years.

The range land and the ranch-house were locked in slumber. Jim listened for the old familiar night sound, but the only one was the song of the pines. That seemed everlasting. Pine needles, like aspen leaves, were never still. At length Jim repaired to the room assigned him by Herrick, and having extended his powers of mind and body to their limit he dropped into heavy slumber.

When he awakened it was with a sense that during his sleep something vital had been decided for him. Star Ranch would see the last of him that day, if he had to walk away.

As he dressed, his thoughts dwelt upon Helen. Probably he would spend most of his waking hours with her in mind, from this day on. But what a beautiful and incomprehensible woman! At supper she had appeared in a white gown, in which he did not know her, so lovely was she. Not a word, not a sign that the Robbers' Roost incident had ever transpired! How was it possible for any woman to hide emotions that still could not be effaced? But Jim paid mute tribute to the nerve and poise of these English. As soon as they learned the West they would fit into it and by their character and work make it better.

Helen came in to breakfast attired in the riding habit she had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten day of their ride. She was cool, sweet, and her eyes were audacious. The thrill that enveloped Jim's frame seemed equivalent to a collapse of bone and muscle structure.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Herrick. "If I were you, I'd never want to ride again!"

After greeting her Jim could only look his admiration and wonder.

"I am taking up my ranch life where it left off—with reservations from sad experience," replied Helen, as she took her seat. "Bernie, we had to trade Jim's horse, Bay. What can he ride today?"

"He may take his choice. There are any number of good beasts."

"By the way, Jim, I told Tasker to follow us at once with our horses. I shall treasure that horse Gray. A robber's horse! . . . Tasker ought to be here soon, maybe tomorrow."

Jim felt the solid earth slipping from under his feet.

"I expected to leave today," he said, casually. "But I'll wait till tomorrow. Bay is a horse I hated to part with."

"So soon!" exclaimed Helen, with dark, inscrutable eyes on him.

"You are home. All is well with you. . . . I must be on my way." It seemed a forced, cold speech, from a man inwardly burning.

"Bernie, could you not induce Jim to stay?" she queried.

Herrick waved a deprecatory hand and went on with his breakfast. She smiled at Jim as if in explanation. "Bernie has consented to let me share his ranching enterprise. I'd like to see it pay—a reasonable interest, at least. And I have rather conceived the idea that it'd be difficult, if not impossible, without you."

"Not at all," replied Jim, constrainedly.

Presently she arose: "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle. . . . Bernie, will you come?"

"No, thank you. I want to stow away all that money Wall returned to me," rejoined Herrick, and as Jim followed Helen out he called after them: "Jim, look out for kidnappers!"

"Whatever did he mean by that?" ejaculated Jim, as they went down the steps of the porch.

Helen laughed. "Bernie is clumsy in humor. I rather think he meant I might try Hank Hays' way with you. . . . Jim, entirely aside from my wishes, my brother wants you to stay. He needs a man he can trust—one who can see through these riders—especially one who will be feared by those with reason to fear."

Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her. . . .

Barnes led the onslaught of ranch hands upon Helen, and the welcome she received could not have been anything but gratifying. Helen replied to one and all, and ended with the simple statement, subtle as it was strong: "Hays made away with me to Robbers' Roost. Heeseman trailed us. There was a fight, which wiped out all of Hays' gang and most of Heeseman's. Jim killed Hays and brought me home."

Barnes gave Jim such a glance as a man might receive once in his life. "All the time I knowed it! Shore, all the time!"

He did not vouchsafe what he knew and perhaps from any point of view that was superfluous.

Soon Helen was mounted. "Barnes, we will not want the hounds or any attendants today. I cannot ride far or long."

JIM got on the horse Barnes saddled for him and followed Helen, who to his surprise took the road back up to the ranch-house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the ridge. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on. When they got up to the level ridge, among the pines, he trotted to catch up with her. But she kept a little ahead. Jim's thoughts locked around one astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all around him, seemed strangely intensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky burned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above and the purple-gray valley deepened its colors below. There was as much presagement in the air as on the day he plunged down the slope into Robbers' Roost with the news that the enemy was upon them. But how vastly different!

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer.

"My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen, turning to face him. But her flashing eyes and her pallor rendered her levity null.

"Helen, I fear it's better than your sense—of kindness, let me say. . . . Why did you bring me here?"

"Please look at my cinch," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally.

Her saddle cinch was all right, and he rather curtly told her so.

"Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her booted and spurred foot.

"Well, I can't *see* anything wrong with that, either. . . . Helen. . . ."

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irresistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her ungloved hand went to his shoulder.

"Nothing—the matter with—your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all it's not my cinch—nor my stirrup. . . . Jim, could any of your Western girls have done better than this?"

"Than what?"

"Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes. They would have been more merciful."

"But since I love you—"

"You are mad," he cried.

"And since I want you—presently—to behave somewhat like you did that day."

HE REELED under that. The truth was almost overwhelming. The strong, earnest light of her eyes told more than her words. Her pallor had vanished. She was no longer cool.

"Jim, you might have saved me this—this abandon. But perhaps it is just as well. You are laboring under some delusion that I must dispel. . . . I want you—ask you to stay."

"If you are sure—I will stay. Only, for God's sake, don't let it be anything but—but—"

"Love," she added. "Jim, I am sure. If I were going back to England, I would want you to go, just the same. . . . It's what you *are* that has made me love you. There need be no leveling. I lived years down in Robbers' Roost. That changed me—blew the cobwebs out of my brain. This hard, wonderful West and you are alike. I want both."

"But I am nobody. . . . I have nothing," he cried haltingly.

"You have everything a woman needs to make her happy and keep her safe. The fact that I did not know what these things really were until lately should not be held against me."

"But it might be generosity—pity—the necessity of a woman of your kind to—to pay."

"True. It might be. Only it isn't. . . . I brought you *here!*"

Jim wrapped his arms around her and for the reason that he was ashamed to betray the tears which blinded his eyes he buried his face in her lap and mumbled that he would worship her to his dying breath and in the life beyond.

She ran soft ungloved hands through his hair and over his temples. "People, cities, my humdrum existence had palled on me. I wanted romance, adventure, love. . . . Jim, I regard myself just as fortunate as you think you are. . . . Lift me off. We'll sit a while under our pine tree. . . . Jim, hold me as you did that other time—here!"

THE END

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. A-8	
	H. A-K-J-9-4	
	D. 5	
	C. A-K-J-9-2	
West		*East*
S. J-6-5		S. 7-2
H. 10		H. Q-6-5-3
D. K-Q-10-8-6		D. J-3-2
C. Q-5-4-3		C. 10-8-7-6
	South	
	S. K-Q-10-9-4-3	
	H. 8-7-2	
	D. A-9-7-4	
	C. None	

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, was played in a game of Contract Bridge. South bid one Spade, West two Diamonds, North three Hearts. North's bid was a jump-shift from partner's Spades, asking South to keep the bidding open to give North another bid. The jump-shift to a suit, when made, as in this case, over an adverse bid and after the partner has bid originally, is a forcing bid; but if partner had passed or had not had an opportunity to bid (e. g., West one Diamond, North two Hearts), the bid would merely urge partner to bid; it would not force him to do so. Unless partner has shown strength by a bid, it is unwise to force.

Of course in this hand South had bid, so North's jump-shift was a forcer. East passed, and South disclosed the fact that he was willing to play Spades without normal support in North's hand by bidding three Spades; West passed, and North showed his second five-card suit by bidding four Clubs. North was sure after this bidding that South would go on to a game-bid—either four Spades, four Hearts or five Clubs. East passed; and South, having normal support for his partner's Hearts, bid four Hearts. West passed; and North, being sure that there was a good chance for a slam in the hand, showed that he had strength in Spades—probably his exact holding, Ace and one other—by bidding five Spades.

East passed and, as the declaration had not reached the slam zone, South showed the Ace of Diamonds by bidding six Diamonds. This bid, in view of West's Diamond bid, was not a showing of length in Diamonds but merely an announcement of the Ace. North now was placed in an advantageous position. He knew that his singleton Diamond was taken care of by South's Ace, that South had a long Spade suit headed by King-Queen (South had rebid it although able to support Hearts), and that the suit probably was a six-carder. South readily could obtain discards on North's Clubs because South must be short in Clubs; therefore, North risked seven Spades, as he had an excellent chance of a grand slam. It was a bold bid, but neither East nor West dared to double.

At Auction Bridge, South would bid one Spade, West two Diamonds, North two Hearts, East pass and South, having normal support for Hearts, might pass or bid two Spades to show a six-Spade holding. In either event there would be no further bidding.

In the Contract play West led the King of Diamonds, which South won with the Ace. South returned a Diamond to secure an immediate Diamond ruff, dummy playing the Eight of Spades. With the hope of making up dummy's Club suit, North then led a small Club, ruffed by South with the Trey of Spades; Declarer then took out one round of trumps, which put North in with the Ace of Spades. North led another small Club, which South ruffed with the Nine of trumps and then led the King and Queen to draw all the adverse trumps; North discarding the Nine and Four of Hearts.

South now had "two strings to his bow." He first led a Heart, refusing the finesse and winning in dummy with the King, and then led from dummy the Ace and King of Clubs, hoping that the adverse Queen would fall, making his Jack of Clubs good and enabling him to discard a little Heart on it. Having discarded two Diamonds on the Ace and King of Clubs, he would not need the Heart finesse if he could establish the Club Jack. If unable to establish that card, he would ruff it and then could try the Heart finesse for the slam.

However, he was fortunate enough to find the adverse Clubs divided 4-4, and the Queen consequently dropped on the second high Club lead. Therefore, the Heart finesse (which, as it happened, would not have succeeded) was not necessary. The grand slam was accomplished by the discard of a Heart on the Jack of Clubs.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	
	S. 10-6-3-2	
	H. 7-4-2	
	D. 7-6-5	
	C. K-4-2	
West		*East*
S. 7		S. 9-8-5
H. K-J-8-5		H. 9-6-3
D. A-K-Q-9-4		D. J-10-8
C. 8-7-3		C. 10-9-6-5
	South	
	S. A-K-Q-J-4	
	H. A-Q-10	
	D. 3-2	
	C. A-Q-J	

A Lady of Resource

Continued from page 12

father well." She said this as though no higher honor could have been paid the Collettes than her acquaintance with them.

Collette inclined his head slightly, and forbore to interrupt.

"I have watched that friendship grow," she continued. "Recently I have seen signs that it has become something more than friendship. It must cease, Morgan," she finished abruptly.

He had come to her house to end his friendship, to kill his love affair at its birth, almost. But her order made him flush with resentment.

"Why, Mrs. Draycon—"

"You have been speculating the last few years, haven't you?" she asked.

"So has everyone else," he defended himself, small-boyishly.

"But you—last week—lost nearly everything?"

He hadn't said a word of his losses to Anne. He wondered how—and then he knew. Caldwell, his broker, was notoriously inclined to gossip, and he was intimate in the Draycon ménage. No need to ponder further the source of Mrs. Draycon's information.

"What I didn't lose last week I lost today," he said with a lightness deliberately assumed, because—still small-boyishly—he thought his tone might annoy Anne's mother.

"Exactly," she said. "Do you think it fair, Morgan, to permit Anne to become entangled with a man who has no money, no prospects, no—"

"Oh, Mrs. Draycon," he protested angrily, "I don't think this is quite fair. You knew I speculated, yet you never objected to—"

"You hadn't lost, then," she reminded him.

"And now you seem to think that I'd act rottenly toward Anne—I came to say good-by to her, Mrs. Draycon."

"Isn't that a bit melodramatic?" she inquired sardonically. "Don't you know that a young girl's interest is only quickened by misfortune to her—her lover? Wouldn't it be—more decent—to let your friendship lapse?"

"Isn't it decent to let a girl know that you love her—"

"HAVE you told Anne?" she demanded angrily.

"No," he replied, "but she knows. Just as I—just as I know that she cares for me. And I owe it to Anne to let her know that she hasn't been mistaken about me. I'm not going to let Anne think I'm the kind of man who would change his mind—"

"There is nothing criminal in that," said Mrs. Draycon, an austere smile on her lips.

"But it would hurt Anne," he cried.

"Will it hurt her less to have you tell her that you love her, when you know you can't marry her? Unless," she added, "you think that Anne's money is enough—"

"Oh, Mrs. Draycon," he cried.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to hurt you, Morgan," she said. "But neither do I want Anne hurt. I'm not a cruel mother, ambitious and hard, Morgan. I'm merely sane. Anne has been brought up to expect certain things. I don't mean that she hasn't character enough to do without them, but it would be a tremendous hardship. Naturally, I wish her to avoid such hardship. If it were possible for me to allow Anne enough to support you both, and there were no other objections to her marriage to you except your lack of money—"

"You needn't be alarmed, Mrs. Draycon. I'm not going to ask her to wait for me, not going to hold out any hope that in the near future I'll be in a position to marry."

Mrs. Draycon rose.

"I'm sorry, Morgan, that things have turned out so badly. But I am glad that Anne is still quite young. The hurts of youth are poignant, but thank Heaven they do not last long."

She gave him her hand. Exasperatedly Collette granted her gift for making others seem completely in the wrong. He was enraged with himself for feeling shamefaced. But that shamefaced feeling did not make him waver in his determination to see Anne.

HE SAW her a moment later. But her step was not light, her eyes were not gay, and her mouth-corners were not lifted as she entered the room. Her mother had said that Anne was "changing," but she was wearing the sort of frock she might have worn at luncheon and through the afternoon. Of blue silk, it fitted her as all her clothes fitted, perfectly.

"Mother has been talking to you," was her greeting.

"She has," admitted Collette.

"Mothers can be impertinent," she said. And then restraint left her. "Morgan, anyone would think you'd committed some crime! You've lost your money. Well, what of it? Other men have lost money, and haven't been spoken of as though they'd done something dreadful. Morgan, I want you to know that I don't care a thing about your money, whether you have it or not. You're the same to me poor as you were rich."

Breathless she paused, and as the implications of her speech came home to her, the rich color flooded her tanned cheeks, and now her eyes had those golden glints which Collette, perhaps, of all her acquaintance, was the only one ever to have seen.

"And Anne," he said gravely, "you're the same to me. Only, my dear, we can't be the same to each other."

"I'll marry you tomorrow," she said. "Oh, you haven't asked me, but—"

"And I can't ask you, Anne," he said. "You know, my dear, that I love you."

"Of course," she said. "But, Morgan, there are other things than money in the world."

"I know there are, my dear, but—Anne, there are people in the world, millions of them, who'd think themselves rich beyond their dreams if they had what I have left. But it wouldn't pay for your frocks, my dear."

"I could make my own," she cried.

"I wouldn't let you," he said.

"I'm not afraid of being poor," she said.

"I am—for you," he said.

"I know myself," she declared. "I know that I can do without."

"And I know that I couldn't let you," he rejoined. "Anne, I have no business knowledge, no experience—I wouldn't be worth five dollars a week to anyone."

"You have brains," she said. "And I know you're not afraid of work. Are you?"

He shook his head.

"Not afraid, Anne, but—I wonder how I'll stand up under it, how I'll like reporting at an office—"

"I'd be waiting home for you," she said.

He took a step toward her, his heart and brain on fire. Then his arms dropped to his sides.

"It wouldn't do, Anne. Why, we'd

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not even be able to afford theaters, dinners—we couldn't go out dancing—you love dancing, Anne."

"Not as much as I love you, Morgan," she quietly assured him.

"Oh, God, I wish I hadn't come to see you," he groaned. "Anne, it isn't easy—"

"It's harder for me," she interrupted. "Oh, I know nice girls don't force themselves upon a man, don't plead with them to marry them, but—Morgan, we're mad, mad about money. I don't mean merely us—I mean Mother, I mean all the people we know. Men have been killing themselves because they've lost in the market. But they haven't lost their loves, they haven't lost their honor. Don't you see, Morgan? Our standards are all wrong, all topsy-turvy. Money, money, that's all we really think about.

"Are we any different, *really*, from the clerks and servants who work for us? Are we of such tiny hearts, such tiny brains, that without our money we shrink into nothing?

"If you'd lost your reputation, if you'd been crippled, if you were desperately ill—but nothing like those things has happened to you. You've lost your money, and that's all. And so I must lose my love."

"For God's sake, Anne, stop it," he said harshly. "It's not easy and you're making it twice as hard. Anne, don't you see what it means? Your own housework—taking care of your own babies—"

"I'D LOVE that," she cried. She lifted unembarrassed eyes to his. "I'd always intended doing that."

"Your friends drifting away," he went on, "because you couldn't entertain them, and you'd be too proud to accept their entertainment."

"Now, that's ridiculous," she charged. "After all, *Mother* hasn't been ruined in the market."

"And you think I'd let you use her money?" he blazed.

"Why, my allowance would continue no matter whom I married," she said.

"And if I had plenty of money, so you didn't *need* that allowance, I'd not mind," he said. "But as it is—oh, Anne, my beloved, I've been a fool, a greedy fool. I had enough and I wanted more. And I've lost you—"

"You can't ever lose me," she said softly. "You may go, but I'll be waiting. . . ."

"You mustn't wait. You must forget me."

She came close to him, her head tilted faintly back. Her hands touched his shoulders.

"Morgan, I've been kissed. You've known about my affairs. But—I've never kissed anyone before. Morgan—"

He pushed her from him almost roughly.

"Anne, if I kissed you—I'd never let you go, and—good-by, Anne."

HE HAD been wrong in thinking that Anne would make one effort to change his mind and stop there. For she had gone farther than that, had almost begged, had permitted her pride to be submerged beneath the flood of her love.

But that was over. Until he died, he thought, he would carry with him the remembrance that her lips had been offered to him, would feel the touch of her fingers upon his shoulders. And he would remember always the glints in her eyes, the irresistible roguery of her tilted nose. . . . Oh, and he would remember the sweet lines of her figure, the friendly mockery of her voice. . . .

Hands in pockets, he strode down Park Avenue. God, what a filthy world this was. Motor cars, radios and market places, market places where men chaffered and dickered and by the exercise of mean wits won place and power. Now, it had been different some centuries ago. Then a ruined cavalier might rehabilitate his shattered fortunes by some daring deed at arms. Or there were colonies to which a man might go and there win himself a fortune.

But now—he could get a job ignobly selling things to greedy customers, and if it so happened that he possessed the gift of making people pay more than things were worth, then he would advance to wealth. But what a weary, sordid road to travel.

What a sordid thing life was, anyway. An artificial society expended its energy doing artificial things, and if one couldn't join in those things one was no longer a member of that artificial society. All very well for Anne to have courage and willingness to make sacrifices, but sacrifices were never so easy in the doing as they seemed in the offering to make them.

Something atavistic stirred in him, and slackened his walk. A man should let nothing intervene between him and his woman, and Anne was his woman. Suppose she did have to cook their meals and do her own washing. . . . But the impulse died a-borning, as atavistic impulses must perish in the presence of electric lights and traffic cops.

In cave days that would have been all very well; there was no one to sneer at the cave where you took your woman, no one to deride or pity its furnishings, for one cave was as good as another, and a woman's raiment depended upon her husband's skill at hunting fur-bearing animals, and one man's skill was—presumably—about as good as another's.

But nowadays, when you couldn't knock your woman down and drag her home; when chivalry had been invented, and gentility, and ethics, and other matters that hampered naturalness. . . . I wonder, he asked himself, how my great-great-great-grand-uncle Sir Henry would have acted in a case like this.

For there had been, for generations, a legend in the Collette family to the effect that Morgan the pirate was a collateral ancestor. Certainly, the Collettes had not been ashamed of the legend, for every first-born child bore the great buccaneer's name.

He started guiltily, sheepishly, as a crossing policeman lectured him for jaywalking. For a moment he had been the swashbuckling Sir Henry, and the return to the character of a ruined stock-market speculator was too abrupt. He endured the rating meekly, conscious of the grinning pedestrians, and with a final warning ringing in his ears continued on his walk to his apartment.

BUT the contretemps had been enough to quell finally all primitive desires. He was even able, in a half-hearted fashion, to smile at himself by the time he reached his rooms on West Fifty-sixth Street.

Between two office buildings an old-fashioned brownstone house still held its own. It was not, of course, any longer a private dwelling, but its weather-beaten exterior bore no relation to its lavishly-done interior. Three flights high, each story was one apartment, of two huge rooms, with a well-fitted bath, and a tiny kitchenette and equally tiny servants' dining-room.

The front room, in size almost equal to a studio, was living- and dining-room jointly. The other large room was his bedroom. The servants slept in rooms provided for them in the basement. And to run this comparatively small ménage required the services of three men, cook, valet and butler. It might have been almost as well done by one Jap, mused Collette as he mounted to the second floor.

And rooms as pleasant might have been obtained for half the rental price required for these. But when one has a hundred thousand a year one doesn't bother with small economies. Thank Heaven, he sighed, as he let himself into the foyer, his rent had been paid in advance for six months.

Although he had not rung, Weldon,

(*Continued on page 42*)

Clerk: "What! You want this delivered?" Shopper: "Yes—on Christmas Eve, and have the driver dressed as Santa."

"Tipton Bud has an idee that he claims would solve the farm problem, end unemployment, an' bring back prosperity with a rush.

•

"He says that what the country needs is a seven-cent nickel.

•

"Think of it, he says. A man could buy an ordinary five cent cigar an' get two cents back.

•

"Better still, he could buy a rocky ford which costs a nickel but which is equal to the average ten-center on account o' superior tobacco. Add two cents change an' that makes twelve cents all together. Why a man couldn't afford *not* to smoke.

•

"Any political party wishing to acquire the idee as an election plank, should git in touch with Tipton Bud."

•

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

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Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

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(*Continued from page 41*)

his valet, was helping him out of his coat almost as he entered the apartment.

"Mrs. Alston telephoned, sir," he said. "She said that her husband was attending a meeting of the governors of the Stock Exchange, sir, and that their dinner was canceled for tonight."

"I wish they'd held governors' meeting three weeks ago and shut the exchange down," said Collette. "Weldon, I'll have to let you go."

"Really, sir? I'm sorry to hear that," said the valet. "If it's a matter of my wages, sir, I could easily wait a few months—"

"That's decent of you, Weldon," said Collette, "but I'm afraid that it's a matter of more than a few months. I'm not picking on you, Weldon. I'm going to let Johnson and Wiles go, too."

"They'll be as sorry as myself, sir," said the man. "But everything has to end, sir, even market crashes, sir. In a little while stocks will rise again—"

"True enough," admitted Collette, "only, you see, Weldon, I won't own any. I think I'll dine at home, Weldon."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the valet, "but you told Wiles, yesterday, sir, that you'd be dining out tonight, and gave him and Johnson the night off."

"So I did," agreed Collette. "For that matter, I told you to go out, too, didn't I?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter, sir."

"Certainly it matters," said Collette. "You probably have a date, haven't you?"

"Well, sir, there was a small mention made of dinner and movies with a young lady," said the valet.

Collette grinned at the phraseology. What on earth, he wondered, was a "small" mention?

"I'll fix up something for myself," said Collette.

"Oh, no, sir," objected the valet. "But if you'd let me cook a light supper—some scrambled eggs and bacon, sir, and if you'd not mind eating it now—"

"I'm famished," said Collette.

He was, too. Luncheon had been forgotten in the midst of the ticker tragedy, and now he suddenly realized that he was almost faint with hunger.

"Go to it, Weldon, and much obliged," he said.

In his bedroom he divested himself of his jacket and put on a comfortable, old and worn silken house jacket that smelled of tobacco and, regrettably, of whisky. Months ago he had spilled a flask upon the jacket, and the scent of rare old Bourbon lingered still. He had refused to permit Weldon to have it cleaned.

"It is the odor of a dead freedom," he said, "and I like it with me."

FORTY minutes later he had finished the meal prepared by the valet, had heard the man leave the apartment on the way to meet his inamorata, and settled himself down in his living-room with a book.

He heard, vaguely, the rear door of the apartment open. Weldon appeared in the living-room.

"I forgot to tell you, sir, that your bootlegger telephoned. He said that he'd been pinched in the market and if it was convenient for you, sir, he'd like his bill settled. Said he'd call this evening."

"What do I owe him?" asked Collette.

"One hundred and twenty-five dollars, sir. That case of champagne delivered last week. I have a check made out for you to sign, sir."

He advanced and gave Collette the slip of paper.

"N. Grannis, eh?" said Collette. He reached for a pen and wrote his name on the check. "I wonder if it's wise making these checks out to the order of a bootlegger. Proof of an illegal transaction, isn't it?"

"Perhaps I'd better tear it up and make one out to cash?" suggested Weldon.

But Collette laughed.

"That's too much work, and a trifle overcautious, I think. Good night, Weldon."

"Good night, sir," said the man, and departed.

The novel failed to engross Collette. He tuned in on his radio, but the programs were uninteresting to him tonight. How the deuce could anyone be gay tonight?

A PHOTOGRAPH on a table caught his eye and held it. It was a snapshot of Anne playing tennis. Heavily he rose from his chair, and from a desk took a small scrapbook, filled with pictures of Anne. There she was, playing golf, swimming, diving, astride her hunter, cutting roses . . . doing the hundred and one things that she did so gracefully and so well.

And here were more ambitious pictures of her, taken by professionals, not amateur snapshots, and newspaper cuttings. Anne in a costume at a ball; Anne selling flowers in a veterans' drive; Anne strolling on Park Avenue; Anne in her coming-out costume; Anne as a bridesmaid for Milly Regan; and here, best of all, was a photograph that she had shown him, and reluctantly surrendered to him, of herself as a girl of twelve, grave-eyed, sweet, serene. . . .

His eyes filled with tears. Tonight she, too, was suffering, bless her heart. She was accusing him of lack of courage, perhaps even of lack of love for her. . . . *Did* he lack love for her? God, no. He loved her too much to risk making her unhappy. Did he lack courage? No again. He simply had sanity and foresight.

Someone knocked peremptorily on the door. He started, vaguely alarmed. Then he remembered that N. Grannis was to call for his money. He picked up the check from the table, rose, crossed the living-room into the foyer and opened the door.

And there, smiling impudently at him, was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. Oh, she was *prettier* than Anne. Of course she didn't have Anne's charm, Anne's air of breeding. . . .

"O. K., pal," said the girl. "You've got me placed now if you have a camera eye. When I'm lined up at police headquarters you can pick me out from among the cops and—"

"Was I staring? Sorry," said Collette.

"Gent asks did he stare? Lady responds, plenty." The girl's smile broadened. "Good boy. Can tell by his manner that girls don't knock boldly on his door at all hours of the night. Surprised, shy—I haven't seen one like you in months, big boy. Meant to collect and blow, but after looking you over—"

"Collect?" demanded Collette. "Collect what?"

"Dough for last week's champagne," replied the girl. "Aren't you Morgan Collette?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, I'm N. Grannis, society's lady bootlegger, calling in person tonight, because the market did things to little Nan, things no polite market would dream of doing to a lady. Did you get socked, Mr. Collette?"

"Stone-cold, and the bell didn't save me," said Collette.

"So?" She eyed him sympathetically. "Well, there's usually more where it came from. That way with you?"

"Afraid not," said Collette, ruefully.

They were in the living-room now, the front door closed behind her. Collette didn't quite know how this entrance had come about. It just had happened, quite naturally.

N. Grannis picked up a cigarette from the table. Collette found himself holding a lighter for her.

"You mean you're cleaned?" she asked. "Not that it's any of my business, but—"

IT WASN'T any of her business, but, extraordinarily, he found himself replying to her.

"Practically busted," he said, trying to smile.

"What do you mean, practically? Can you still eat?"

"Barely," he said.

"Nobody's broke while they can get their cakes," she told him. "You're broke when a cup of Java and a string of pearls cost the same so far as you're concerned. What you going to do?"

"The Lord knows," replied Collette.

"Yeah, and so do I," she said. "Some friends of the papa's or the mamma's will give you a swell job, and you'll wind up marrying more dough than you lost—all you good-looking lads that can wear clothes end up that way."

He flushed at the compliment and the sneer equally.

"I don't think I'll end that way," he said. "And I don't know who's going to give me the job."

"No?" Speculation was in her eyes. "I know someone that would give you a job. You're looking at her. I kind of think I've tumbled for you, Collette. I'm given to that sort of thing. But don't make any passes," she went on coldly, "because I don't fall that way. Want a job?"

"Bootlegging?" he laughed.

"Bigger than that," she replied.

"Is it honest?" he asked, amusedly.

But her answer drove the amusement from his eyes as well as from his mind.

"Certainly not," she answered crisply.

He stared at her; something beyond her undeniable prettiness made itself known to him; her competence, her crisp assurance. In the lovely body of a young girl was concealed, he suddenly knew, the heart of a man.

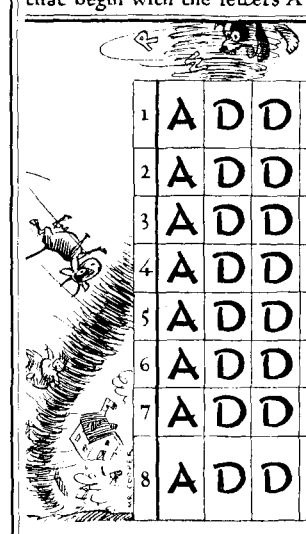
"Tell me about it," he said, and did not understand his own eagerness.

(*To be continued next week*)

WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly eight words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters A-D-D. One of them is ADDENDA. You supply the others.



1	A	D	D	E	N	D	A	(Machinery) The pitch circle of a wheel. Also, things to be added; additions.
2	A	D	D					In an added manner.
3	A	D	D					Capable of being added.
4	A	D	D					Thriving; ripening; yielding fruit.
5	A	D	D					Same as Number 3.
6	A	D	D					Cited; alleged. Offered, as bearing on a statement or case.
7	A	D	D					One who adduces.
8	A	D	D					To speak to; to accost. To direct, as a letter. To devote one's self. Also, a discourse. A person's name, residence, etc.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for December 20th

1. Advised
2. Advance
3. Adverse
4. Advisal
5. Adviser
6. Advisor
7. Advowee

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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The Road Back

Continued from page 19

light gray cloak. The head is bent slightly forward and sunk down on her shoulders as if she were asleep. Willy switches on his pocket flash light.

"It is a real old woman," he says, pointing to a wisp of white hair that hangs down from under her hat. Then he bends over and shines his light close in her face. There is nothing more to be said—we see now what is wrong, we know that expression well enough. The woman is dead.

Willy shakes his head and examines her closely. "But she hasn't got any wounds!" We look for them as a matter of course, because we are accustomed to do so. It is queer to see a dead person whose body is all whole. We decide to take her to the hospital near by. No conveyance is to be had at this hour of night, so we must carry the woman ourselves. I go to take up her feet but Willy pushes me aside.

"Leave it to me," he says and takes up the body under his arm. "She is quite light."

We cross through the park. I carry a small hand bag that belonged to the old woman and lay on the ground before the seat. As we pass under a gas lamp the dead woman's head falls backward and starts swinging. The thin neck thereby works clear of its wrappings. It looks like a piece of rope from which the face with the little black hat is suspended. The gray hair slips down and blows in the wind. With his spare hand Willy supports the small head in his great paw. "She isn't much over seventy pounds, I should say," he says as he goes along. "Seems to have been half-starved."

We ring the hospital bell. A sister opens the door. We hand over the dead body. In the bright light of the casualty ward the old woman lying there on the white sheet looks infinitely little and lonely. The worn, wasted face is woefully helpless and terribly weary. Until now I have seen only young men dead, and never a woman before. But sixty years of life have passed over these pinched features and nothing is left but a poor, burned-out cinder of suffering and wretchedness. A cheap, gray dress and a pair of worn-out old shoes, a miserable weight of scarce eighty pounds, and behind this so-pale brown a burned-out, little world.

IN THE hand bag we find a few letters and field post cards with an address. We must go and inform the relatives. We search for the house where she lived. After we have knocked a long time, a window at last opens. A warm fog of sleep rolls out like a cloud into the chill night air. A tousled head appears.

"Does Widow Struwe live here?" asks Willy.

"I don't know," says the fellow sourly and makes as if to shut the window again. Willy thrust in his arm.

"You damn' well ought to know who lives in your house," he snorts. "The woman is dead."

"Then first thing in the morning will be plenty of time," says the chap at the window.

Willy is just about to climb in to wake the fellow up properly when luckily his wife appears. She takes decidedly more notice. She goes quickly to the dressing table, finds her false teeth, puts them in and immediately starts lamenting and asking questions. We learn that the dead woman had no relations but lived in two rooms by herself.

"But she had some letters in her hand bag," I object.

"They were from her son, probably. He was killed two years ago," the woman replies. "Ever since then Struwe has been a bit touched. She has been out till late every night the last few months, because she believed he would still come back. That is probably why she was up at the station."

"That explains it," says the man, who seems to have waked up at last.

"Yes, that explains it, and explains you too," says Willy viciously. "Very good, then we can be going."

"I must make myself a cup of coffee after that," concludes the woman, striking a light.

I WALK slowly along the embankment with Albert. The river flows softly below. We halt by the mill and lean over the railing of the bridge.

"It's funny that we can't bear to be alone, Ernst, isn't it?" says Albert.

I nod. "A man used to imagine that once he got clear of all that mess, then everything would be right. But it's not so easy to start living again properly."

Albert spits into the water. "It has all become so alien, Ernst, a man just doesn't know what to do. I have had a look at my books, for instance—quite good entertainment when you have time for it, but otherwise—every minute of the last years has run a thick blue pencil mark right through it all. It means just nothing in our lives any more. There is nothing that means anything to us any more. A man really feels rather unnecessary here, superfluous, you know, Ernst."

"Yes," I say mournfully, "at home, certainly—still a man can't sit at home always. But then a fellow doesn't know really where he does belong."

He nods. "That is it, right enough. All the same a man must belong somewhere or other."

"We have been soldiers too long," I answer. "Perhaps when we get a job though—"

He turns away. "That is nothing, either. A man needs something living, Ernst." And looking quite away he adds softly: "Some human being."

"A human being," I protest, "why, that is the least sure thing in all the world. How easily they can snuff out we have seen often enough, God knows. You would need to have a dozen or more, so that some would always be left when the others get it in the neck."

Albert studies the silhouette of the cathedral attentively.

"Sometimes I think—a wife," he says.

"Good Lord!" I exclaim, and think of Bethke.

"Oh, shut up," he fires at me suddenly and almost shouts: "A man must have something to hold on to. Don't you understand that? I want someone to be fond of me, to stand by me; someone I could stand by. Otherwise a fellow might as well go and hang himself!"

He trembles and turns his back on me. Between his mother and his brother how lonely he must be to cry out like that.

"But, Albert, old man," I say, "haven't you got us?"

"Yes, yes, but this is something quite different—" and after a while he whispers, almost as though he would weep: "Children, that's what I want—children, who don't know anything about it—then I believe things might still come all right—"

I do not quite understand what it is that he means; but I cannot ask him any more questions. At times everything seems so extraordinarily meaningless and hopeless. And yet we are still alive and well. . . .

Ludwig Breyer, Albert Trosske and I are on our way to school. Lessons are to begin again. The students of the Teachers' College who were in the war have been granted no special final examination.

At the Grammar School the returned men have fared better. There many of them were able to take a special exam either before they enlisted or while they were on leave. But the remainder, who did neither one nor the other, have to start their schooling again like the rest of us.

We go past the cathedral. The green sheets of copper that covered the towers have been taken off and replaced by strips of gray felt. They look mildewed and shabby, and the church produces almost the effect of a factory. The sheets of copper were melted down to make shells.

"The Lord God never dreamed of that, I'll bet," says Albert.

The heavy brown doors stand open to the cloisters, where a soft twilight prevails. The sacristan comes out in his red gown and crosses over to the Grammar School chapel—a small building between the cathedral and the market place. It was there we used to go for divine service every Sunday.

Carved in the wall beside the doorway there is an old scene depicting the Good Samaritan, with this inscription: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Beneath it someone has now written in thick, black-inked letters: "And wage war."

IN A winding alley to the west of the cathedral stands the two-storied Teachers' College, almost opposite the Grammar School. Behind it is the river, and the embankment bordered with lime trees. Before we became soldiers these buildings comprised our world. Then it became the trenches. Now we are here again. But this is our world no longer. The trenches were stronger.

On the way we meet our playmate, Georg Rahe. He was a lieutenant and commanded a company, but on leave he merely got drunk and sat about, and took no thought for his finals. So now he has to go back into upper second again, where he has already been twice left behind.

"Is it a fact, Georg," I ask him, "that you have become a first-class Latin scholar up the line?"

"No, literature you mean," he replies. "I know every barmaid's song by heart. It's a pity my form-master has been pensioned off; he would have been awfully pleased with me, I know."

"Ours too," says Albert, laughing. "Well—"

"Look out you don't get a bad mark for conduct," says Georg, striding off on his long legs to the Grammar School. He was an airman during the last six months. He shot down four Englishmen. But I don't think he can still demonstrate Pythagoras' theorem.

We go on to the Teachers' College. The whole lane teems with uniforms and civilian clothes too small for their wearers. Faces loom up that one had almost forgotten; names that one has not heard of for years. Georg Walldorf hobbles along. We carried him out with a shattered knee in November, '17. his thigh has been amputated; now he is wearing a heavy, jointed, artificial leg, and thumps along with it noisily. Hermann Leipold appears, and introduces himself, laughingly: "Godfrey of the Iron Hand, gentlemen." He has an artificial right arm. Then someone comes out at the gate and says in a

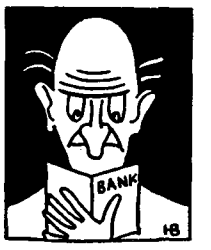
(Continued on page 44)

THE ART OF
LATE
CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING

ABOUT THIS TIME of the year there is a good deal of finger-wagging at the people who do their Christmas shopping late. We do not approve of this, probably because December 24th usually finds us still buying knick-knacks in the fading twilight.

There is a thrill and a glow about last minute Christmas shopping that cannot be duplicated at any earlier date. Political and religious differences are forgotten. Small men knock off large men's hats with their bundles and get only a smile. Thin Santa Clauses chew their icy mustaches dejectedly on the street corners. The whole world seems to have a pleasant bun on.

Try buying your Enders razors any time from December 20th on. You will get almost as much pleasure out of buying them as your friends will out of using them. We say "almost" because, if you have taken the Enders razor lightly in your finger tips and let it whisk easily thru your whiskers, you'll know that you get a mild kick out of the neat little thing. And a kick repeated every morning is not to be sneezed at these days.



Now, as the berries from holiday holly wreaths start dropping on to the parlor floor, as iceman and janitor begin to wear an expectant, acquisitive look, as you look with gloomy eyes at a dwindling bank balance, now is the time to buy your Enders. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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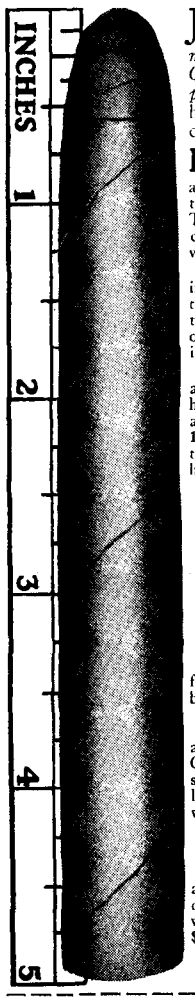

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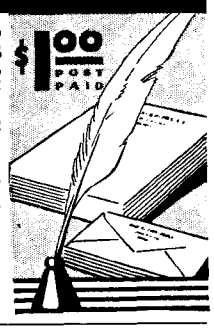

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(*Continued from page 43*)

gurgling voice: "You probably don't recognize me, eh?"

I examine the face, if it can still be called that. Over the forehead runs a wide, red scar. It passes down into the left eye. There the flesh has grown over, so that the eye lies buried, deep and small. It is still there though. The right eye is rigid, of glass. The nose is clean gone, a black patch covers the place. The scar that runs on below it splits the mouth in two places. The mouth itself is bulbous; the two parts have grown together askew—hence the unintelligible speech. The teeth are artificial. A bracket is visible across them. Hesitating, I look at him. "Paul Rademacher," says the gurgling voice.

NOW I recognize him. Yes, that is his gray suit all right with the stripes. "Good day, Paul, what have you been up to?"

"Don't you see," he says, trying to straighten his lips, "two cuts with an entrenching tool. And these went with the rest." He shows his hand, from which three fingers are missing.

His single eye is blinking distressfully. The other looks straight ahead, fixedly, unconcerned. "I only wish I knew if I can still become a school teacher. My speech is pretty bad, eh? Can you understand me?"

"Easily," I answer. "And it will improve as time goes on. They are sure to be able to operate on it further, you know."

He shrugs his shoulders and is silent. He does not seem to have much hope. If it were possible at all, they would have done it already, no doubt. Willy pushes his way toward us to tell us the latest news. We learn that Borkmann died of his lung-wound after all. He got galloping consumption. And Henze shot himself when he found out that his spine injury would keep him in an invalid's chair for life. No wonder—he used to be our crack football player. Meyer was killed in September; Lichtenfeld in June. Lichtenfeld was only out there two days.

We stop short suddenly. A tiny little figure stands before us.

"What? Not Westerholt?" says Willy incredulously.

"The same, you old toadstool," he answers.

Willy is staggered. "I thought you were dead."

"Not yet," retorts Westerholt amicably.

"But I read it in the newspaper."

"Then it was a misprint," says Westerholt with a grin.

"A chap can't count on anything these days," says Willy, shaking his head. "I thought the worms had eaten you up long ago."

"After you, Willy," answers Westerholt, self-complacently. "You will go first. Red-haired people never live long."

WE GO inside. The quadrangle, where we used to eat our bread and butter at ten o'clock, and the classrooms with the desks and the forms, and the passage with the rows of hat pegs—they are all exactly as they used to be, and yet to us they seem to belong to another world. Only the smell of the gloomy rooms is familiar to us; it is not so rank, but it is similar to the smell of the barracks.

The great organ with its hundreds of pipes gleams in the hall. To the right of it the masters stand in a group. On the principal's desk are two potted plants with leather-like leaves. In front of it is a laurel wreath tied with a huge ribbon. Garlands of pine branches along the walls. The principal is in a frock coat, the masters are all wearing dark suits. So, there is going to be a welcome.

We bunch up together in a heap. No one wants to be in the front row. Only Willy has taken up his stand there unembarrassed. His head is glowing in the semi-darkness of the room.

I look at the group of masters. To us they were formerly more than ordinary men; not merely because they were in charge of us, but because we believed in them. Today they are simply a number of older men, toward whom we feel mildly contemptuous. If, for instance, a surprise attack were suddenly to be made on the hall now, they would all be hopping about like rabbits, frightened out of their wits. As the first thing to be done, so that they should not get in the way, we would calmly and firmly lock them all up, and then set about the defense.

Now there they stand and want to teach us again. One can see in their faces that they are willing to sacrifice something of their dignity. But what can they teach us really? Their learning has only ossified them, not made them more alive. We know life better than they do; we have gained another knowledge, harsh, bloody, cruel, inexorable. We could teach them, but who wants to do that? These used-up fellows have nothing more to give to us. They have remained just the same. They will always remain the same.

Now the principal begins his address. The words spring round and smooth from his mouth; he is an excellent speaker, one must admit that. He speaks of the heroic struggle of the soldiers, of battle, victory, suffering and courage. But for all the fine words I feel something galling about it; perhaps just because of the fine words. It was not so smooth and round as all that. I look at Ludwig; he looks at me; Albert, Walldorf, Westerholt, it does not suit any of them. It makes them uncomfortable, like water running down the backs of their necks.

NOW the principal is getting into his stride. He celebrates not only the heroism out there, but the quieter heroism at home, too. "We also here at home have done our duty; we have pinched and starved for our soldiers; we have agonized; we have trembled. It was hard. Often it may even have been almost more grievous for us to carry on than for the boys in field gray out yonder—"

"Hoopla!" says Albert Trosske. Murmurs begin to be heard. The Old Man casts a sidelong glance in our direction and continues: "But indeed such things are not so to be weighed and nicely balanced. You have confronted death without fear and discharged your great task. And though victory has not in the end accompanied our arms, yet all the more will we now stand together, united in passionate love of our afflicted Fatherland; in defiance of all hostile powers we will rebuild it in the spirit of our ancient master Goethe, whose voice now speaks out so commandingly across the centuries to our own troubled time: 'Let Powers assail, we live to prevail.'"

"Nicely turned and neatly rounded off," growls Westerholt.

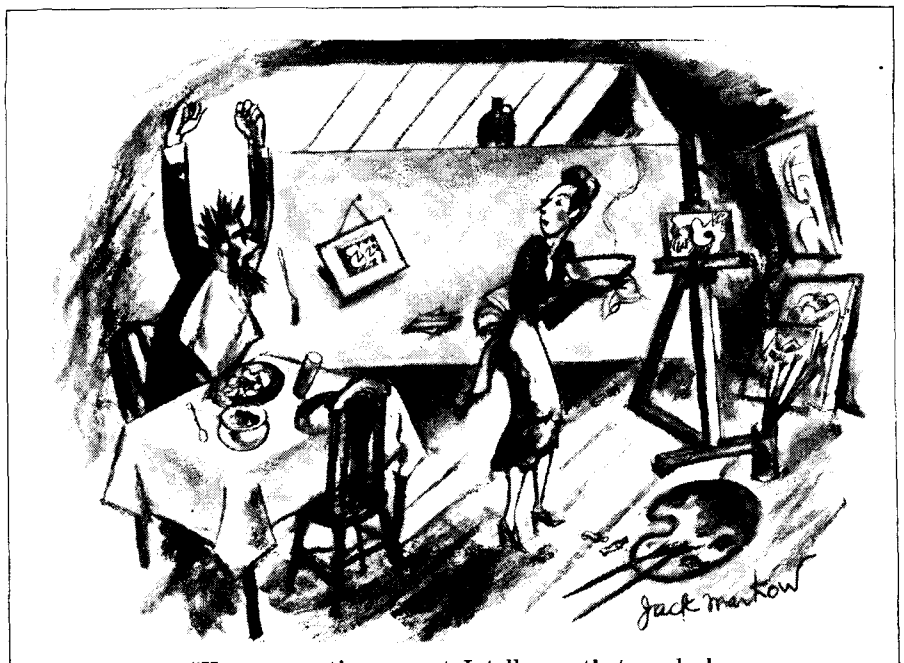
The Old Man's voice sinks to a minor. Now it puts on mourning and drips unction. A sudden start passes over the black flock of masters. Their faces discover self-control and gravity. "But especially we would wish to remember those fallen sons of our foundation who hastened from us joyfully to the defense of their homeland and have remained upon the field of honor. Twenty-one comrades are with us no longer; twenty-one warriors have met the glorious death of arms; twenty-one heroes rest from the clamor of battle on French soil and sleep the long sleep beneath the green grasses—"

AT THAT instant there resounds a sudden, booming laugh. The principal stops short, painfully perplexed. The laughter comes from Willy, who stands up there like a colossal wardrobe. His face is as red as a turkey's, he is in such a rage.

"Green grasses—green grasses," he stutters, "long sleep? In the mud of shell holes they are lying, knocked rotten, ripped in pieces, gnawed by rats, sucked down in the bog—green grasses! This is not the hour for singing practice." His arms are whirling like a windmill in a gale. "Hero's death! And what sort of thing do you imagine that was? Little Hoyer sat the whole day long in the barbed wire, screaming. Then a piece of shell took off his fingers and two hours later a chunk off his leg, and he kept crying continually, and by nightfall at last he was done. Then when we went out under cover of darkness to get him he was as full of holes as a nutmeg grater. Now he is a hero. And a while ago you gave him such a bad mark in Literature that he was dropped. Now, if you have the courage, go and tell his mother how he died."

The principal is pale. He is in doubt whether he should enforce discipline or speak soothingly. But he arrives neither at the one nor the other.

"Mr. Principal," begins Albert Tross-



"How many times must I tell you that goulash served on these red plates gives me indigestion!"

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ke, "we are not here that you should tell us we did our job well, though unfortunately not able to bring off the victory. We spit on all that." The principal winces, with him the whole college of masters.

"But, gentlemen," begins the Old Man almost imploringly, "let us not make a mere word the occasion of a conflict—"

But he cannot finish his speech. Hugo Reinersmann interrupts him. It was he who carried his brother back through heavy fire only to set him down at the dressing station, dead.

"Killed," he says savagely, "they were not killed that speeches should be made over them. They were our comrades. Enough. We do not want anyone windbagging about it. But no, you must stand up there in your best clothes and Sunday-dinner airs and make speeches. War memorials, wreaths, memorial celebrations—yes, indeed, the best of us are dead, and there's not a lot right with the rest—but you are all still hale and hearty. You ought to be stuck in a cage and hung up just for one single hour—in a bombardment, then we should see whether you had any desire still to go on talking, you bookworms of no understanding. So hold your tongues now, and leave our comrades alone!"

The principal stands there helpless. The college of masters is like a brood of shocked hens.

But we begin to feel what bitterness has grown up out of the torpor that has held us in its grasp until now. We were still half in the trance when we came here. But now we have had a first breath. Dimly we perceive how a smooth, tepid, soapy something wants to wrap itself round us, to hold us fast and gum us down. It is not the principal, not the college, they are only instances; it is this whole viscous, gummy world of fine words and decayed ideas, in which we believed before we went out. Out there we became hard and matter-of-fact. Now we see the mendacity, the half-truth, the puffed-up beggarliness, the vain pretentiousness of it all—so much so that anger is almost lost in contempt.

IN ANY case the principal has decided to humor us. We are too many and Willy stands up there trumpeting too formidably before him. And who knows what may not be expected from these soldiers gone wild; the next minute they may perhaps be pulling bombs out of their pockets. He beats the air with his arms like an archangel with his wings. No one listens to him. At last he shouts above the uproar: "But will you not at least tell me what it is that you want?"

There is a lull. Yes, but it is not so simple to say in one sentence. An urgent emotion simmers darkly within us—but as for words? We have no words for it yet. Perhaps we shall have later on.

Westerholt now pushes his way to the front and plants himself before the principal. "We do not want any memorial speeches; we want to hear some practical proposals. What have you thought of doing about us? Here we are, seventy soldiers, who must go back to school again? How are you going to do it? And let me tell you, by the way, we know practically nothing any more, and, further, we have no wish to remain here any longer than need be."

The principal explains that as yet he has had no instructions from the authorities in the matter. For the time being we must go back to the various classes from which we went out. Then later we shall, of course, see what arrangements can be made.

This is greeted with a burst of laughter.

"Don't you run away with any idea," says Willy threateningly, "that we are going to perch on forms along with children who were not soldiers, and put up our hands nicely whenever we know anything. We are staying together."

Now we begin to see for the first time how very funny all this is. For years on end we were allowed to shoot and stab and kill to our hearts' content; but now it is a matter of grave importance whether it was from the second class or the third class that we went away to do it. In the former they do equations with two unknowns and the latter with only one. These are the distinctions that hold here.

The principal promises to take every step to secure a special course for soldiers.

"We can't wait for that," says Albert curtly. "We shall take the matter in hand ourselves."

The principal does not reply, but goes to the door in silence.

The masters follow. We tramp out after them. But Willy before leaving takes up the two potted plants from the lecture desk and smashes them on the floor.

"I never could bear the vegetables anyhow," he says viciously. The laurel wreath he plants askew on Westerholt's head. "Make yourself a soup out of it."

THE smoke of cigars and pipes fills the room. We are sitting together in council with the returned men of the Grammar School. Over a hundred soldiers, eighteen lieutenants, thirty sergeant majors and noncoms.

Albert Trosske has brought along a copy of the old school regulations and is reading aloud from it. Progress is slow, for every clause is followed by roars of laughter. We cannot believe that these rules once applied to us.

"*Paragraph Seven:* The requirements of masters to receive unconditional obedience."

"We did that all right," cries Willy. "We dutifully went off to the war."

"But we were not victorious, as they required," objects Westerholt.

"Don't you talk," retorts Willy, "you let your form-master down worse than anybody. You're reported killed; you get a memorial oration by the too, too touched Herr Principal; you are celebrated as a hero; and then you have the cheek to come back alive after all! A pretty pickle you have landed your form-master into. Now he must take it all back; because you know you are every bit as bad at algebra and composition as you used to be."

"*Paragraph Twelve:*" Albert reads on. "The use of tobacco and alcohol by pupils is strictly forbidden."

"Have a little one with me!" shouts Westerholt amid the general laughter.

"*Paragraph Fifteen:* Morning instruction to commence with divine service."

"To be changed to an hour's bomb practice," submits Reinersmann.

"*Paragraph Eighteen:* All pupils of the college must be within bounds by half-past six in winter, and by seven o'clock in summer. Permission shall be obtained beforehand for absence from the authorized dwellings (whether for visits or special occasions). Presence of pupils to be checked by weekly inspections on the part of the masters."

Leipold topples backwards off his chair with laughing. Not even Ludwig can contain himself. We had quite forgotten that. But it's quite true. After seven o'clock we were forbidden to go out into the street, and we were inspected to see whether we were working or not.

"It is a pity I did not think of that out there," grins Willy. "Seven o'clock sharp finish war, trot back home to quarters, and learn some poetry by heart."

Rademacher gurgles, sobs and trembles. His glass eye drops out of his head. The black patch on his face moves convulsively.

"But what is the matter with him?" I ask.

"He's laughing, and, you know, that is absolutely dangerous for him," says Walldorf, stooping over him. "He was imagining Kantorek in an airship flying about at seven o'clock, with a spy-glass, inspecting the trenches and the shell holes to see if we were all doing our lessons nicely."

WE ELECT a students' council. Our schoolmasters may serve to drill a few facts for the examination into us, but we are not prepared to submit to be ruled by them any more. For ourselves, Willy, Westerholt and Albert Trosske; for the Grammar School, Georg Rahe and Karl Bröger.

Our three representatives are to go first thing next morning to the provincial authorities and then to the Ministry to put through our demands. They have military passes and free railway vouchers of which we have whole blocks on hand. We have also plenty of lieutenants and soldiers' councilors to countersign them. Rademacher asks to go with them in order to create a stronger impression with his battered face. His suggestion is adopted. Soldiers are accustomed not to scruple at any means that will gain them their object. Willy alone shows no enthusiasm. He thinks the whole business is absurd. "The proper thing to do is to chuck the whole works," he says to Leipold. "What do we want here anyway? Even if they give in to us all along the line, school will be always school, which is to say, bunk. So why do it?"

"But, man," protests Westerholt, "the idea is that you get a job afterwards. You must live, you know."

"Live? Oh, I'll live all right," says Willy obstinately.

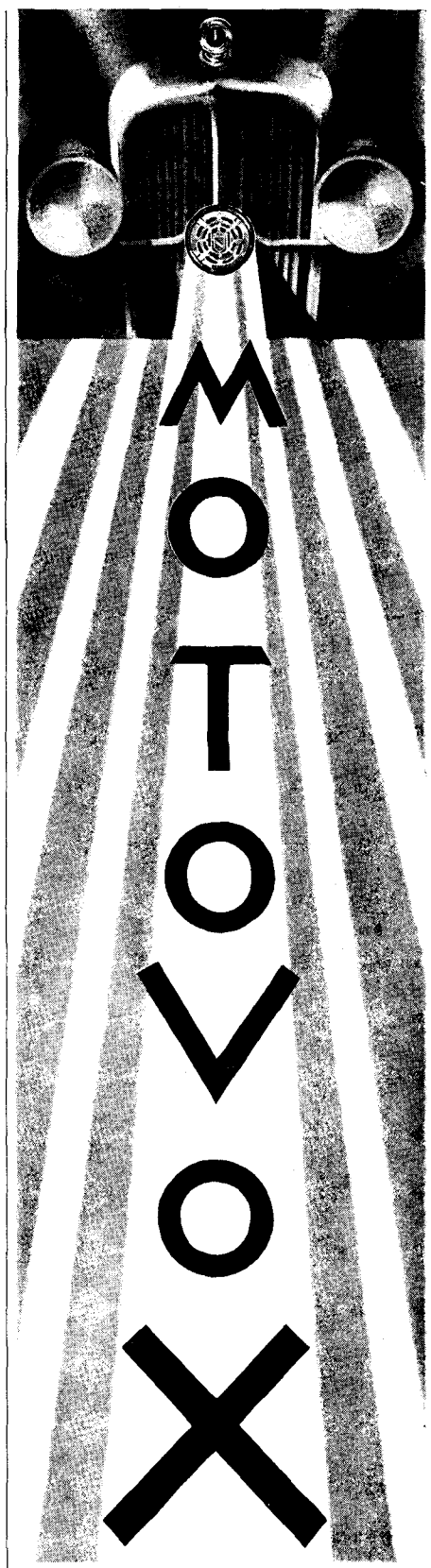
"You can always pull out afterwards if you find you don't like it, of course," throws in Albert. "What we must do now is to stick together and not split up and go off on our own again. What else would you do, anyway?"

Willy sees that right enough. What else can we really do? That is precisely what we do not know. Or, rather, most of us do not. A few there are who are calmer and more sensible; they have already resigned themselves to take up some job. It is these shrewd-heads that are responsible for the stipulation that the returned men should not be dispersed among the various classes, but should be given a short special course by themselves; and that the examination should be less exacting and cover only a few subjects. It is not the quiet fellows, however, that we depute as spokesmen for these demands, but the dissatisfied ones. They have the more eloquent tongues.

SMOKE of pipes and cigars fills the room. Desires, thoughts, eager longings seething together. God knows what will come of them. A hundred young soldiers, eighteen lieutenants, thirty sergeant majors and noncoms, all sitting here, wanting to begin to live. Not a man of them but can lead a company across the wilderness of No Man's Land and suffer the fewest possible casualties from machine-gun and rifle fire; not one who would hesitate a moment to do the right thing when the cry "Here they come!" is bawled down into his dugout; not a man but has been pounded through countless pitiless days; every man of them a complete soldier, nothing more and nothing less.

But for peace? Are we suitable? Are we now good for anything but soldiering?

(*To be continued next week*)



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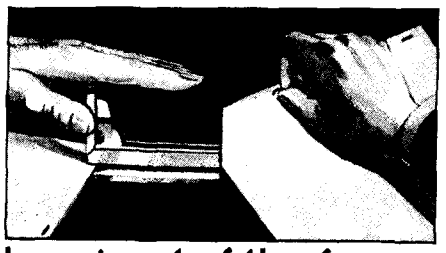

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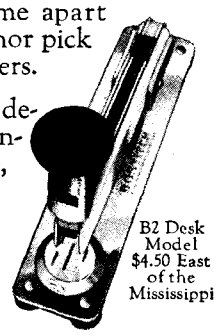

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Eyes Left

Continued from page 13

voice in song. It cracked from a piercing soprano to a purring baritone. Applause was tremendous; but I left that theater a puzzled young man.

"Next day Mr. Woods reappeared, bearing a wig—a gray wig. I was the teacher from thenceforth."

There followed a period of one year during which the Crazy Kids challenged lunacy commissions in nearly all the states of the Union. They were put on finally at the Palace in New York. Lahr confesses to a demoralizing attack of stage fright.

"I faced that Monday matinée audience and forgot my lines. In utter embarrassment I tried to push words out of a cottony mouth and only succeeded in trying to look down at my own lips to see if they were moving. The optical acrobatics brought down the house. Laughter shook the place."

Up the Ladder

That was the hidden asset that lifted him from obscurity. Opportunity waited, not with beckoning finger, but with a lasso. One burlesque magnate chased after him as far as Stamford, Connecticut, cradle and graveyard of plays and stars.

"He offered me thirty-five a week to make cross-eyes at audiences," says Lahr, "and I finally accepted."

In Brooklyn one warm night as Bert romped through the routine of an old-fashioned burlesque a mysterious gentleman hovered in the wings. After the show he introduced himself as Billy K. Wells, chief librettist for the celebrated and now-mourned Blutch Cooper, whose burlesque troupes called themselves everything from Merry Widows to Cuddling Kiddos. Mr. Wells made a recruit out of Mr. Lahr. His first assignment was to watch the principal Dutch comic of the Cooper outfit—the since renowned Solly Ward—and mimic his "business" and dialect. For this Bert received the princely salary of $165 a week and the title of principal comedian of the Columbia Wheel.

Now fame seemed secure.

"Will Hays had never been heard of much at that time," says Lahr. "Burlesque was considered a combination of larceny and lewdness, yet in every comedian's contract was a proviso that he had to be clean. I've appeared in big Broadway hits during the past few years, but nobody has ever stipulated that the gags be washed, although I'm sensible enough to know that a comic can't build enduringly with dirt.

"In my burlesque days we not only had to play clean—we had also to live clean. You couldn't keep up the pace of two grueling shows a day, Sundays included, with long and tedious travel, unless you guarded your health."

Broadway, deluged with all the talents, found itself after the apocalypse of Mr. Ziegfeld tending to more and more Babylonian displays of armies of young women, and they were not enough. Comedy lagged behind spectacle. One Bert Williams could make a season, but there was more than one season.

The country was searched for comics. Dragnets raided vaudeville and, with greater reluctance, burlesque. So the boys who wore red noses and made their jokes as broad as restrictive contracts would permit suddenly found themselves desired in higher spheres of entertainment. American taste had become tolerant of roughneck humor and wanted more and more of it.

In due time Bert Lahr heard the siren summons that had taken Leon Errol, Joe Cook, Eddie Cantor, W. C. Fields, Will Mahoney and the rest of the so-called low comics.

Although there should be inserted at this spot the usual string of anecdotes illustrating the hard climb Mr. Lahr was forced to make to get his name into lights, this chronicle must get along without them. Lahr was a Broadway miracle; an instant success who stayed put. His name has not been out of the lights since a first-night audience left Hold Everything holding its sides at memory of Mr. Lahr's riotous wrestling match.

This act was not as refined, for example, as one of Mr. James Branch Cabell's sublimated jokes, but it served the same purpose of making low human emotion highly amusing. Lahr went into the bout with a Continental comedian of huge proportions. They gripped and counter-gripped, and the heavy foreigner was puzzled by the knock-kneed aspect of Mr. Lahr's eyes. But let Mr. Lahr explain the outcome, as, on the stage, he alibied himself to his manager:

"It was a tough bout," he says, in his splurting delivery. "And I was weakening rapidly when I looked up and saw before me—"

"Saw what?" says the manager.

"A toe, a big toe."

"Why didn't you bite it?" the manager demands.

"I did," says Lahr. "It was mine."

He toured the country in this vehicle and it might have been a happy pilgrimage if he hadn't run into Ben Turpin. Both displayed hauteur, when introduced, because both crossed eyes.

"This guy's making fun of me," said Turpin in an aside to their introducer.

"Somebody's going to get socked if we keep this up for long," said Lahr, also in an aside.

But this contest of the cross-eyes was settled by their diplomatic friend, who took both to the beach in a strong sun and made them wear smoked glasses for the duration of their acquaintance.

Lahr was in doubt for months about his unique overnight success in his first big show—for his previous stardom in things like Delmar's Revels seemed merely introductory. He wondered whether it would stick. The smash-hit of his next big shot, Flying High, answered him. His portrayal of a dumb-Dutch airplane mechanic who gets caught in a plane whose works he doesn't understand, and by sheer accident breaks the endurance record, is a classic of modern tomfoolery. Strong men wilt in their chairs and mild ladies fling themselves into hysteria when he publicly undergoes a medical examination. A harsh doctor whirls him about in a drum, from which his head emerges dizzily. The doc whips up a pencil before the crossed eyes and barks:

"What's this?"

"Picket fence!" gasps Lahr.

"Okay," says the doctor.

Other gags in this excursion into biology are more pungent and pointed, but they depend so much upon Lahr's method that a bald recital would rob them of their force.

Lifting the Gag

Another thing new under the amusement sun has been discovered by Bert Lahr. Comedians are now matinée idols.

"My mail is stuffed with missives from young women," he says in an ineffectual effort to be shy. "There are always handsome heroes and chorus men in musical comedy; but the gals go big for the clowns."

Lahr was an established success at the ripe old age of thirty-three. You know you have ascended the ladder of fame and fortune in any calling by the sound of the boys below chopping at the rungs.

In the show business more than in any other vocation professional jealousy is a plague. Beer barons may deftly curtail competition by bumping off those who invade their realms. Show folks have a less conclusive but more irritating way with those who soar to stardom. They charge them with theft. They do more than charge. They nag bitterly and unremittingly in the trade papers, in the clubs. Worse than this. A comedian at the Palace in New York was unwise enough to use a gag which another comedian claimed to have originated. The trespasser was met at the stage door one dark night by thugs and soundly beaten. One semi-famous comic bought a seat in a full house at a performance of another semi-famous comic (and famous and semi-famous comics detest buying seats to see anybody) and in the middle of his competitor's act arose and denounced him for grand larceny.

So the boys feel strongly in these matters. Up at the Friars' Club they wrangle passionately as to who originated the shaven-goat story and who pilfered the lost-golf-ball gag.

Lahr was the target for all sorts of attacks. They said he pinched his lisp from this clown, his Dutch dialect from that.

"They accused me of stealing everything but my cross-eyes," he avers. "Nobody wanted to claim a physical defect as a professional patent."

Funny Work

But he made a smart answer.

"There have been dozens of Hamlets," said he. "All read the same lines. Some read them differently and won recognition. The others were just Hamlets with the accent on the first syllable."

Throughout this research into the life and works of Mr. Lahr a tall, broad-shouldered and handsome gentleman sat at a neighboring table, drinking orange juice and eating lamb chops. He came over. He was James J. Corbett, who had something of a reputation in his youth as an athlete—enough to make him heavyweight champion of the world.

"Let me tell you something," said Mr. Corbett. "Lahr, like everybody else who goes over big, had to earn it. When he wanted to do a burlesque wrestling act he asked me about the game. He wanted to learn technique in order to kid it. I stacked him up against a tough old hippodromer who had just one ear left and a pair of cauliflower knees.

"Lahr took lessons—terrible lessons. At the end of a week he was crippled so that he had to forego golf, and to Lahr that's like a monkey giving up peanuts."

"I don't like that so much," broke in Lahr.

"Bert went back to his wrestling lessons," proceeded Mr. Corbett unperturbed. "For six solid weeks he tackled the bruiser to perfect his gag; and the night he opened with it he was crippled. I know because he wrestled with me and I crippled him with a flying mare.

"You've got to work hard to be funny," said Mr. Corbett.

Mr. Lahr's too-neighborly eyes crossed in approval.

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When the Sea Caught Fire

Continued from page 25

have waited for those poor sailors to freeze to death."

Years later, on February 27, 1913, to be exact, rushing home from a leave of absence he found the crews of three coast guard stations standing helplessly by a thunderous surf that was breaking a three-masted schooner, the Zaccheus Sherman, to pieces. The last life line had broken. Brave men would not risk a lifeboat in that sea. But Jack Midgett did, saving three men who remained alive on the ship.

This is the man who went to the rescue of the British oil tanker Mirlo in that sea of fire off Chicamacomico on August 16, 1918. Again a furious surf driven by a northeaster was lashing the beach with its spray and foam. Friends, neighbors and kin pleaded with him not to go. Three times the little wooden lifeboat was up-ended in the breakers and hurled ashore. A fourth time and Captain Jack and his men were off.

Between Walls of Flame

It was an appalling thing they were going into. For miles the very sea itself seemed to be on fire. Flames, at times five hundred feet high, shot into the air. A few miles offshore Captain Jack and his crew picked up one of the lifeboats containing the captain of the torpedoed tanker and sixteen of her crew. The captain and his men were blackened and burned by fire and smoke. "There were two more boats back there," said the captain, and he covered his eyes with his hands, turned his face away and shook with emotion.

"Don't attempt to land in that surf; lay off and wait until I get back and take you in tow," said Captain Midgett.

"Back there" could be seen only as a roaring sea of flame and smoke with no human in sight. Near by loomed the conning tower of the frightful German U-boat. Captain Jack's men were visibly perturbed. Had they not swallowed all the propagandists' tales of German atrocity?

"Nothing to be afraid of, boys," shouted Jack Midgett. "You haven't seen a single passenger ship torpedoed by these Germans on our coast and they won't kill us. They may take me prisoner and carry me to Germany; I think I'd like the trip."

He had barely spoken when the drone of an airplane's propeller was heard. Out of the north was coming one of the bombing planes from the naval base. The German U-boat slipped down into the sea and showed its conning tower no more.

A northeast wind blowing twenty-five miles an hour. A rough sea. Without that wind and that sea Captain Midgett and his men could not have done what they did. On a smooth sea two and a half million gallons of burning oil would have spread over the waters without a break. Wind and waves broke up the sea of fire ahead of them into an archipelago. Here and there were open lanes between great lakes of fire. Into one of these lanes Captain Midgett steered his lifeboat. Walls of flames rose on either side of them. At times these fiery walls closed in front of and behind them. Writhing, seething tongues of flame rode upon the crests of waves that rolled in and broke upon them. The flames blackened and blistered them; the merciful water cooled their burns.

No drifting lifeboat was visible in that fiery sea. Anon the wind rolled back the curtain of fire; just ahead was another open lane of sea. And in one of these lanes an upturned lifeboat appeared with six men clinging to its keel.

Six men! There had been sixteen clinging to that upturned boat. The burning oil had engulfed them time after time, and time after time they had submerged to save themselves. The clothing had been burned from their bodies. The hair had been burned from their scalps. With cries of pain and anguish, or gasping and choking from throats parched and gagged with hot and cruel smoke, ten tortured and panic-stricken men had given up, one by one, and gone down into the sea never to come up again. Captain Midgett and his men lifted the burned and blackened survivors into the coast guard boat.

A third boat still to be accounted for. Nineteen men in this third boat, too many men for one small boat. Where to seek this third boat in this blistering, terrifying inferno! Too many men for one small boat. Obviously so small a boat so overcrowded could not be managed. It could only drift before the sea and wind. Following this hunch, Captain Jack and his men dodged fire-capped waves and blazing wreckage, plunged blindly through suffocating screens of smoke. The heat and flames had blistered and blackened the hull of their little launch. Their throats were parched with thirst; their faces and hands blistered and their hair curled by the heat. A wave higher than any of the rest caught them, lifted them high in the air. From the crest of that wave, in a flash, Captain Jack got a glimpse of the third boat, a mile away.

The next instant great billows of smoke spotted with lurid splotches of flame came between them and their objective. Into the black night of death, into the anteroom of hell itself, plunged Captain Jack and his men. There was no visible object to guide them. They could hear but could not see the friendly airplane, its motor droning far overhead as it circled over and about them, impotent to aid them. They had lost track of time. Was the sun still shining above and beyond that black night of smoke illumined here and there by swirling, searching, lurid gusts of crimson flame?

The Heroes Acclaimed

And then—at last into open sea and clean air emerged the blackened hull of the coast guard boat, and just ahead the third of the Mirlo's lifeboats with its cargo of nineteen men, submerged to its gunwales and barely kept afloat by its tanks.

Taking this, the last of the lifeboats, in tow and working around the sea of fire, Captain Jack and his men went back to the lifeboat bearing the Mirlo's master and sixteen men.

With two lifeboats in tow and with six rescued men in the bottom of their own boat, the captain of Chicamacomico and his men on board, assisted by their comrades on shore, landed the forty-two survivors of the Mirlo through a pounding, snarling surf.

A grateful nation bestowed its Victory Medal of the Great War on Captain Midgett and his men; Congress voted them a gold medal; King George V of England had a medal struck for them and commended them for their valor. The British Board of Trade presented Captain Midgett with a silver loving cup. Of the twelve American Crosses of Honor awarded in 1930, six were bestowed upon Captain Midgett and his men, Zion, Arthur, Leroy and Clarence Midgett and Prochorous O'Neal.

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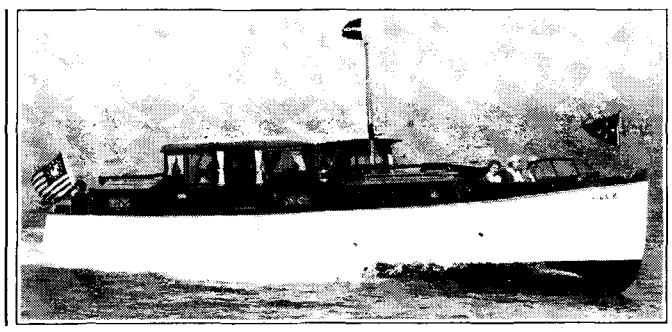

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Pot Luck

Continued from page 20

"What about soil?" I inquired.

Emily smiled.

"Henry attends to that—he's a soil specialist, you know. Let's go to the greenhouse."

The greenhouse about which I had heard was not a greenhouse, except by the courtesy of the name. It was a small south porch enclosed with glass, equipped with shelves. No heat, no benches, as I had expected.

"This," remarked Henry gravely, with a sly wink at me, "is where you discover the secrets of Emily's healthy plants."

Loafing in the Shed

Here the soil is prepared—light and porous—half leaf mold, half humus, unless the plants are on a special diet. Some plants, oxalis for instance, when fed too well grow fat and lazy and forget to work. In horticultural parlance this means that their strength goes into over-luxuriant foliage instead of into bloom, for the life aim of every plant, like that of all nature, is to reproduce its kind first by flowering and then by making seed. A spoon or two of bonemeal before they are placed indoors speeds them on their victorious way. An occasional winter tonic of some plant stimulant, procured from any nurseryman, keeps them fit during their working days.

That is all except the drainage. Ah, there is an important point, indeed. Only one exit in a pot for all the impurities. This must always be kept open. A small stone will do it. And then the soil will remain sweet and well drained.

"This might be called our hospital," explained Henry. "Here is the nursery where the seedlings get their start, and here is the ward where they come for rejuvenation when they tire of the artificial and strenuous conditions of the business world."

As soon as the hectic days of spring cleaning arrive the plants are banished to the shed. They revel in whole summer vacations from their jobs, loafing in the shed. Little water—only enough to keep them alive—and no fertilizers. If buds form, they must be picked off, for buds in July mean no flowers in January. In late September they are returned to the greenhouse, repotted, watered abundantly and well started on their way before they are restored to the house.

Chinese Bell Flower

In spite of their claims that most of their house plants had not been brought indoors yet, it seemed to me that the Parishes boasted every variety that it is possible to raise in the winter garden.

There were ferns. Boston (*Nephrolepis exaltata bostoniensis*, a whole lot more beautiful than it sounds) frilled and plain; Maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*), delicate and airy; Holly (*Cyrtomium falcatum*), hardy and lacy; *Polypodium mandaianum*, glaucous and strong—all rich and beautiful in their decorative effects.

Among their purely foliage plants were ivies. The Dracaenas, too, were represented. *Dracaena Bertha André* of bronzy hue that reminds one somehow of a Titian-haired beauty, and *Dracaena Godseffiana* with irregular spots of cream dotted over its rich foliage. *Zebrina pendula*—would you guess from that pompous name it was no other than our old friend the Wandering Jew?—romped over the window ledge.

They were lovely in their soft-hued pots—terra cotta, pale canary yellow, dull gray; indeed no glaring colors to distract attention from the plants themselves. But the flowering plants appeal more. Some were not quite ready to bloom, but still I could imagine the delicious fragrance and soft lavender of the heliotropes, the brilliant blooms of the geraniums.

"There," said Henry pointing to the fuchsia, "is a feller that has his likes and his dislikes. Light, but no sun, and plenty of food and liquor. A heavy eater and drinker, he is. But we admire his showy purple and red blossoms."

Long-blooming cyclamen and cinerarias were in that collection, and begonias—the *begonia rex*, ornamental and tall, and the *begonia semperflorens* with its rosy blooms peeping from the luxuriance of its glossy foliage.

Compact primroses promised demureness in white, yellow, lavender or pink, just as fine as though they had been grown in the most carefully tended rock garden. A short blooming season, theirs, to be sure, but how precious their beauty when in bright regalia.

"What is this?" I asked.

"Chinese bell flower, not so common as some of these, but just as easy to raise as geraniums or begonias. This is *Abutilon pictum* (how the Parishes do revel in those botanical names!). It has orange flowers and blooms freely. There are other varieties, too, with variegated leaves, but we like the flowering ones best."

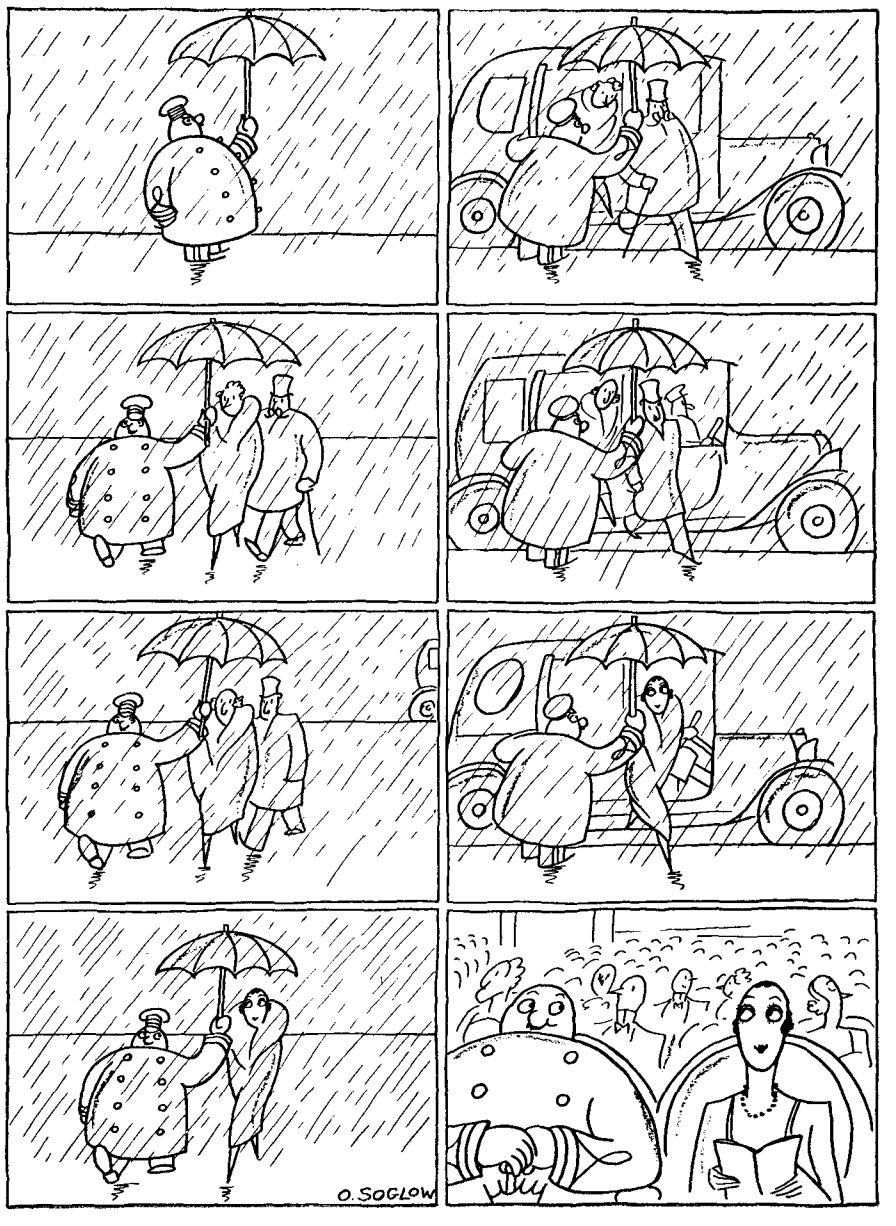
And the lantanas—foliage soft, gray-green, blossoms deep orange dotted with a bit of butter yellow or an occasional maroon head to catch up the rich red of a curtain or pillow.

Herein lies one of the appeals of the potted plant. Not only is it valuable, like the blazing open fire, for the touch of life it bestows upon our rooms, but, carefully selected, it aids and abets the schemes of harmony and color so essential to the home.

Build on Sand

If, in the whole ménage, there is a single sunny window that can be left unhung by heavy over-curtains, it will prove the ideal location for the indoor garden. A table endowed with a large top and substantial legs, and a tray, as large as you can buy or, better still, make, on which sand or pebbles are scattered will prove as useful as dollar bills. Whatever seepage there is from the pots, whatever drip from the teakettle (and nothing is superior to a kettle with a long spout for watering house plants), whatever loose soil drops when you fork up the earth, will fall on the sanded tray. This obviates the dustpan and the sink cloth. Also, the sand or pebbles will absorb the water and help surround the pots with moisture.

Certainly, the Parish potted plants justified their fame, but to whom should their success be attributed? It seemed to be a case of coöperation. But the essentials for their success remain plainly visible. Sunshine, fresh air, plenty of water, good soil, a rehabilitation period and a complete summer vacation—these are the secrets.



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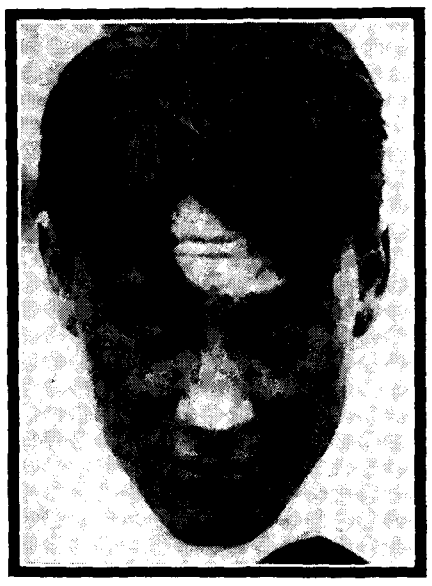
The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 9

Pinckert was one of the great backs of the year. He was a ball carrier, when needed, whose best work was done at blocking and clearing the road. Brill was rated as Notre Dame's best all-round back but he was battered up along the stretch. Schwartz was one of the star ball carriers of the year, a fast, elusive running star who ran to victory against both Northwestern and Army.



Melvin J. Hein, Washington State College, Utility Lineman. Ht. 6:02; wt. 198; Home, Burlington, Wash.

Mohler and Duffield of Southern California were outstanding stars, with Mohler one of the best sophomore backs that football has ever seen. He was the most dangerous ball carrier of the year, one of the fastest and one of the best broken-field runners of many campaigns. Duffield was almost as good, but neither was used as often as Pinckert, Dodd and Macaluso.

Macaluso of Colgate and Russell of Northwestern were the best plunging backs of the year, but Macaluso could do more. The Colgate back was also a fine kicker and passer and one of the best of the blockers. Roberts of Georgia was another backfield star who had a killing schedule to face.

Mohler is a brilliant running mate to throw in with Carideo, Pinckert, Dodd and Macaluso.

Blocking Makes Great Players

This 1930 All-America outfit stands high on the list. There have been stronger teams, but few that had so many who were all-round stars. Ticknor and Dodd have been among the best for three years—team inspirations as well as great football players. The same is true of Hein. Certainly no one team ever had two smarter men in the backfield than Carideo and Dodd, who can be listed among the smartest backs football has yet known.

It must be remembered that each man was selected for reasons provided by the chart. There were others close up but they were cut down by schedule weakness, by lack of complete all-round talent, by injury or by accident or else by some lapse in an important game.

One of the hardest selections was the end assignment with Fesler, Dalrymple and Baker leading the field. Fesler was probably the best football player of the year but the race between Dalrymple and Baker was nip and tuck, and the decision was finally given to the one who finished a trifle stronger. Baker was a star end, one of the best.

One of the most important requirements demanded from this team was hard, accurate and skillful blocking. Notre Dame proved the value of this important fundamental in most of its games through the year. A great blocker is nearly always a great football player. There is almost no exception. Great ball carriers are easier to find and develop, but they must have the necessary blocking or they would never be great ball carriers.

The finest proof of this was shown in the Army-Notre Dame game, where Schwartz on a heavy track was frequently stopped at the line of scrimmage. Suddenly five of his mates gave him perfect blocking and he ran 54 yards for a touchdown. Without this blocking he could not have run 54 inches with the field as it was.

This element of blocking is often overlooked by those who watch only the progress of the ball. But it is a big part of football and the most important fundamental on any team. This fact was given large consideration in naming the team. Those selected were among the best blocking backs of the year.

It must be remembered also that an All-America back must be able to do many things well, not merely star in one or two lines. No one team ever had two such deadly kickers as Carideo and Dodd, who have made a habit of kicking out of bounds from the five- to the two-yard line. They were both snipers at this work, close to Kipke of Michigan renown. This is one of the most important features of any good kicking game.

Dodd was the best passer of the year,

Orville E. Mohler, Southern California, Utility Back. Ht. 5:09½; wt. 167; Home, Alhambra, Cal.

a great passer in every contest. More than once he beat stronger opponents with his right arm and his head.

The four strongest teams at the finish were Notre Dame, Alabama, Southern California and Washington State. They were all high-grade throughout the season. Notre Dame had a killing schedule to face with the toughest three-game finish any squad has yet known. Such men as Schwartz, Metzger and Brill of Notre Dame, Duffield of Southern California, Baker of Northwestern and Kitzmiller of Oregon were up along the border line, highly able.

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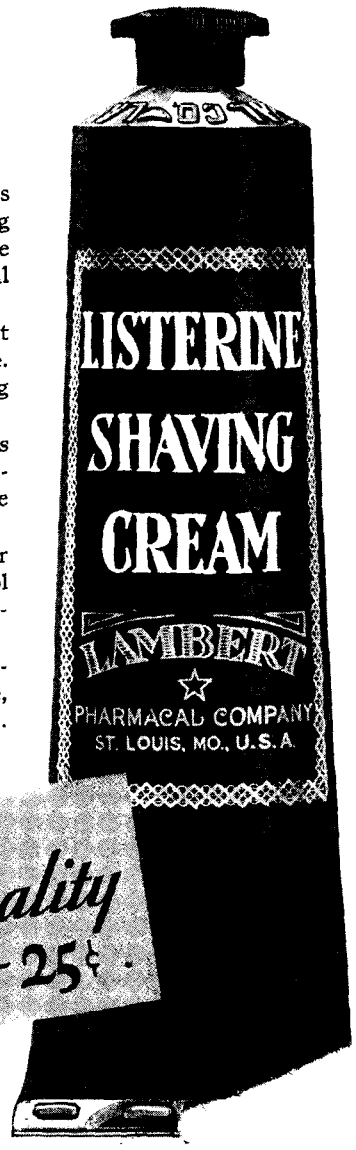

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Another Christmas

REMEMBER everything and enjoy Christmas. Be glad that Christmas comes in bad times as well as in good years and get the most out of it. Christmas wasn't designed especially for prosperous people or fat years. On the contrary, the very day is in remembrance now of a Child, born in mean surroundings, whose entire brief life was passed in poverty.

Christmas is in fact one of the oldest and most precious ideas men have ever enjoyed. It is the very expression of the perennial faith of men in the goodness of the universe. Long before Christianity came men had learned that after a winter of hardship, darkness and often hunger the sun returned and once more the earth became a rich and fostering mother.

Men dared feast upon their scanty stores because they had learned to believe that the future would provide for itself and its emergencies.

If nobody had ever thought of Christmas this would be an appropriate year to start it. We can well use during this season the faith, the hope and the good will of which Christmas reminds us.

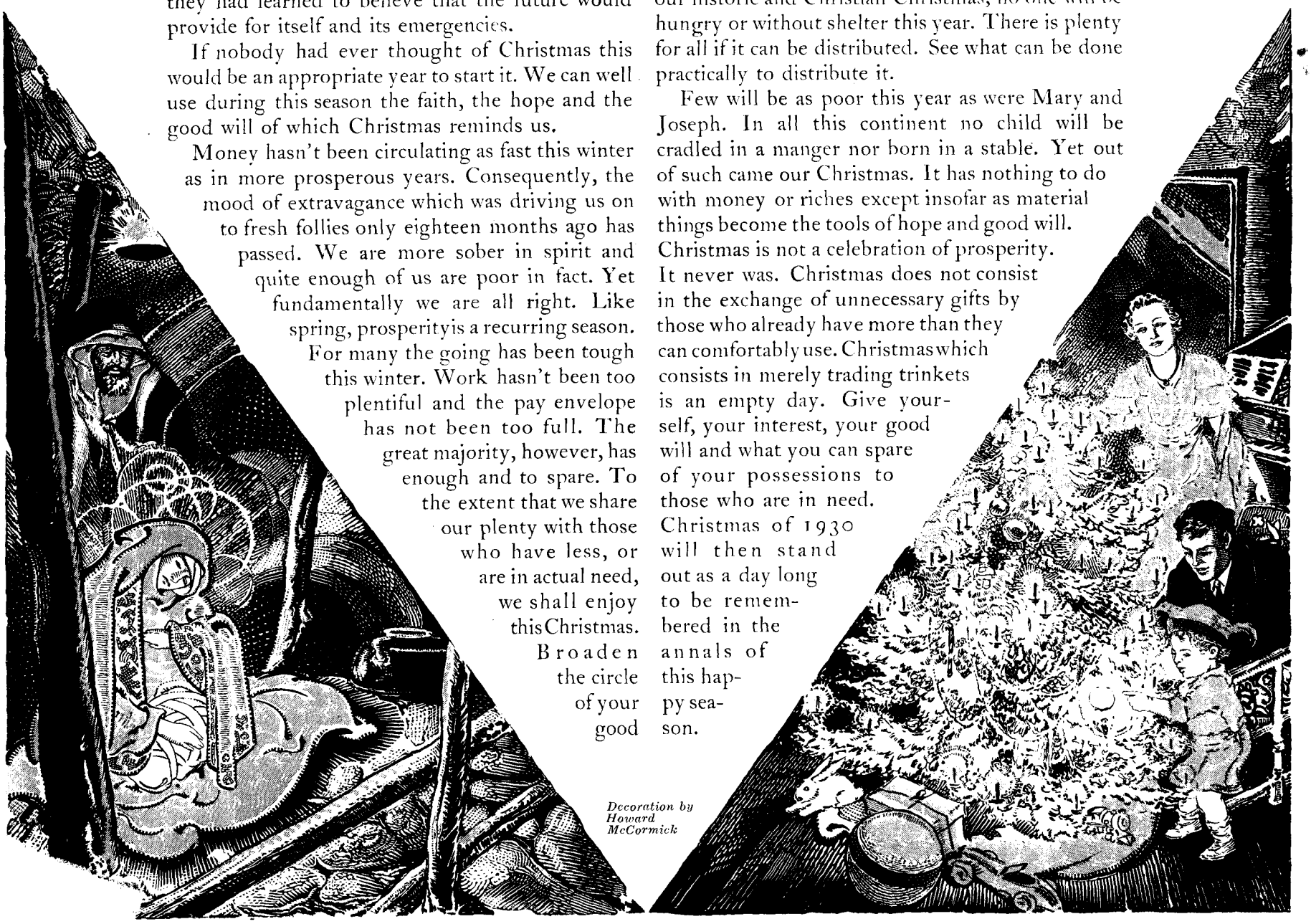
Money hasn't been circulating as fast this winter as in more prosperous years. Consequently, the mood of extravagance which was driving us on to fresh follies only eighteen months ago has passed. We are more sober in spirit and quite enough of us are poor in fact. Yet fundamentally we are all right. Like spring, prosperity is a recurring season. For many the going has been tough this winter. Work hasn't been too plentiful and the pay envelope has not been too full. The great majority, however, has enough and to spare. To the extent that we share our plenty with those who have less, or are in actual need, we shall enjoy this Christmas. Broaden the circle of your good cheer this season. Make it possible for as many as you can to enjoy an ample Christmas dinner. Appetite will be keener if it is not fretted by the thought that someone who might have been fed has been allowed to go hungry.

Look around your community and find out what needs doing to make this a happy Christmas for those not able to fend for themselves. The fortunate will have much more than can be enjoyed. Spread a long table and let others share the good things.

The best way to help others is, of course, to assist them to help themselves. A job is better than a donation and self-support is infinitely preferable to charity. Give as many jobs as you prudently can but remember, also, that charity is important.

If we are really fired by the generous spirit of our historic and Christian Christmas, no one will be hungry or without shelter this year. There is plenty for all if it can be distributed. See what can be done practically to distribute it.

Few will be as poor this year as were Mary and Joseph. In all this continent no child will be cradled in a manger nor born in a stable. Yet out of such came our Christmas. It has nothing to do with money or riches except insofar as material things become the tools of hope and good will. Christmas is not a celebration of prosperity. It never was. Christmas does not consist in the exchange of unnecessary gifts by those who already have more than they can comfortably use. Christmas which consists in merely trading trinkets is an empty day. Give yourself, your interest, your good will and what you can spare of your possessions to those who are in need. Christmas of 1930 will then stand out as a day long to be remembered in the annals of this happy season.



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